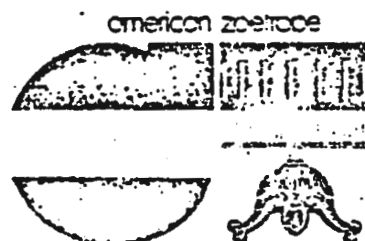


"APOCALYPSE NOW"

by

John Milius

FIRST DRAFT
12/5/69



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AUTHOR'S NOTE

Several years ago during the height of the troop build-up in Vietnam a company of paratroopers from the 101st Airborne Division (Screaming Eagles) was lined up at the San Francisco International Airport waiting to embark on their great adventure. Something had gone wrong with the plane and while it was being fixed the paratroopers stood rigid for hours in the hot sun. Towards the end of this two local war protestors decided they would pass out pamphlets to the boys and see if they could encourage anyone to change their minds. They moved down the rows of soldiers offering peace, love and papers. Nobody showed any sign of interest. As they reached the end of the line a young paratrooper from Texas smiled - The hippie stopped and smiled back, at which point the Texan took off his steel helmet and bashed the long-haired youth over the head causing a dull metallic clang. His comrade dragged him away screaming injustice and brutality. A sergeant stepped out and yelled, "Which one of you bastards hit this boy?" To which the entire company yelled "I did -- sir." This stunning show of esprit de corps did not impress the injured hippie who said, "Animals, just a bunch of animals." His friend looked at them in awe and replied, "Just think what they'll be like when they come back."

FADE IN:

FULL SHOT MEMO

PULL IN on an Army memorandum printed on Central Intelligence Agency paper - in the center of the BLACK FRAME. PULL IN SLOWLY as NARRATOR reads memo, which is stamped "Restricted Class IV" in bold red.

NARRATOR (c.s.)

Attention Colonel Brick Commander -
C.I.A. II Corps - Pleiku - Kontum Province -
South Vietnam - On September 16 a report
was completed regarding unorthodox and
ambiguous procedures employed by Special
Forces Units operating along the Cambodian
border of II Corps. Specifically important
are incidents involving the A detachment
at Nu Mung Dung which are of a most bizarre
nature - Concluding that communication with
the detachment has been erratic at best -
advise following actions be taken and
information obtained -

CAMERA PULLS IN communique until only the words "Nu Mung Dung"
FILL SCREEN SCREEN. VOICE FADES as we

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT MUDDY SWAMP

EARLY DAWN

It is very early in the dawn - blue light filters through the jungle and across a foul swamp. A vague mist clings to the trees. The SOUND of crickets and jungle animals is still undisturbed. TILT DOWN into tepid water. Suddenly but quietly a helmet emerges - the water pours off REVEALING a set of beady eyes just above the water. Printed on the helmet, clearly visible in the dim light, are the words "Cock Killer" written in a psychedelic hand. The head emerges REVEALING that the tough looking SOLDIER beneath has exceptionally long hair and beard. He has no shirt on, only bandoliers of ammunition - his body is painted in an odd camouflage pattern. He looks to the right.

PAN TO REVEAL a jungle bush, part of which moves REVEALING an incredibly well-concealed man, thoroughly painted and covered with jungle pattern. He crouches back and disappears again.

PAN BACK to Soldier as he looks to left.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

PAN TO REVEAL a clump of logs half emerged in the swamp. A hand reaches out and moves one of the logs. We SEE a hollow and houses the rear of an M-60 machine gun. The dabs mud over an exposed portion and disappears again.

PAN BACK to Soldier. He looks INTO CAMERA and slowly backs back into pond and disappears.

CLOSE SHOT JUNGLE BIRD

It is a little lighter now. An ugly horn-billed bird caws loud and harshly.

MED. SHOT TRAIL

Looking down a dark trail - the trees arching over it. The jungle dense and heavy all around. The birds chirp more noisily. In the distance bushes move and dark figures appear. They approach stealthily. As they get closer we SEE they are North Vietnamese regular troops - hard and weary. Their guns held at the ready, they move with complete silence. We see all 20 of them. FULL BACK TRUCKING with Leader as he carefully scans the dark bushes around him, stepping cautiously.

CLOSE SHOT TRAIL

Seeing only their feet as they pass in almost total silence. Their rubber sandals and boots leaving almost no impression. A slight flicker of light REVEALS a pair of eyes in the foliage, maybe only a foot or two from the narrow trail.

FULL SHOT TRAIL SOLDIERS

The North Vietnamese approach. TRUCK with them as they move and follow on the leading few as they edge around a bend in the deep tangled jungle. Suddenly, directly in front of them ten feet away, a large man steps out clad in rags and mud and holding a 12-gauge automatic shotgun casually at his hip. The two leading N.V.A. SOLDIERS freeze momentarily. The AMERICAN smiles laconically - they start to bring up their guns - he is quicker - blasting out FIVE SHOTS that rip through the men. By the second shot the whole jungle is filled with automatic fire.

FULL SHOT COLUMN

MACHINE GUN FIRE rips through the men who scream and lurch - their bodies smoking and bleeding - Men scatter and run down the trail or into the jungle.

CLOSE SHOT HAND

A hand pulls a cord.

FULL SHOT JUNGLE COLUMN

A ripping EXPLOSION erupts on the trail - men scream and are blown to pieces - Trees fall - men stagger from the smoke, holding shattered arms and faces.

MED. SHOT SWAMP

The Soldier we saw earlier emerges from the swamp - the machine gun opens up - Vietnamese Soldiers break through foliage FIRING in panic. He calmly blasts them full in the faces with a flame thrower - they scream and fall burning into the jungle.

CLOSE SHOT VIET CONG

A Viet Soldier running frantically out of breath - followed by another. He pushes away the brush only to be impaled on the knife of a smiling AMERICAN painted like an Indian. His Comrade runs only to be incinerated by a flame-thrower from somewhere in the jungle.

CLOSE SHOT AMERICAN SOLDIER

wearing a jungle hat with a Peace sign on it. An AMERICAN looks around - careful - alert. The GUNFIRE has stopped. A man SCREAMS horribly then only the SOUND of the birds and jungle creatures - mad with fear persists. The American scans the area - smoking - crackling from fires that have already gone out.

FULL SHOT TRAIL COLUMN

All along the trail lay smoking twisted bodies, fallen trees and charred leaves. The Americans emerge from the jungle and move forward cautiously. It is now that we SEE the totally bizarre manner in which they are dressed. Some of them wear helmets, others wear strange exotic hats made out

(Cont.)

of birds and bushes. All of them have long savage-looking hair - bandoliers - flak jackets - shorts and little else. They wear montagnard sandals or no shoes at all and their bodies and faces are painted in bizarre camouflage patterns. Some of them search the bodies - quickly and mechanically. Another in the foreground grabs two dead along by the hair, pulls his knife and starts to scalp them.

TRUCK PAST to another who takes a packet from one of the men's pack. He WHISTLES - others turn around. He smiles, opens the pack, removing large balls of hash-hish about the size of his fist. They all smile and search the other bodies frantically - while he throws the dope up in the air and juggles with the chunks. Another man scurried down the line grabbing weapons which he throws into the swamp. The SOLDIER with the shotgun who started the fight walks up - we SEE he has Lieutenant's bars on his ragged flak jacket. He kicks one of the men and motions toward the swamp.

--
LIEUTENANT

Throw 'em in.

The men quickly start dragging the bodies off while the Lieutenant moves towards us.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT JUNGLE CAMP SOLDIERS

The soldiers walk out of the trees along a river bank. PAN TO REVEAL a fortified encampment, built around the ruins of a former Cambodian civilization. Stone lions, barbed wire, cracked pyramids and sandbags mark the fort.

CLOSE SHOT GATE COLONEL

Next to a massive stone lion which forms part of the gate a man's head and shoulders LOOM into foreground. He wears a green beret and he has close-cropped gray hair and a tough jutting jaw. As the weird patrol comes in, the Lieutenant raises his hand and gives a V sign. The man in foreground raises his and returns it.

PULL BACK and track around to REVEAL the man has his arm around a small montagnard girl. He is COLONEL D. KURTZ - very tough - wears a grizzly moustache. His rank is denoted by the tarnished silver eagles pinned onto his flak jacket. He has on a pair of psychedelic sunglasses made from cemented together every possible shade of glass into a fractured kaleidoscopic pattern. We cannot see his eyes.

(Cont.)

PULL BACK further as the Colonel watches his men pass throo. We SEE that the Colonel is attired in only his beret, flak jacket and a loin cloth. The GIRL wears only the latter. PULLING BACK even further we REVEAL the massive stone gate - the patrol passes under in triumph - men displaying scalps hanging from their M-16's - they hold up captured AK-47's - dope - rice and other booty. Wild looking montagnards CHAL and cackle with delight. The Colonel turns and crosses his arms, standing majestically.

COLONEL KURTZ

Music-Sergeant blare.

Massive loudspeakers cut in the middle of a song - The Creeps singing - "Sunshine of Your Love" in all its blazing electronic harshness. The men pass through the gate - proud defiant. PAN UP to REVEAL a sign tangled in barbed wire - its lettering strict and military:

4th SPECIAL FORCES
MISSION F-82
A-DETACHMENT
NU MUNG DUNG

It is faded and cracked. Below a larger sign written in a wild psychedelic hand:

A P O C A L Y P S E

N O W !

OUR MOTTO

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

CHINA BEACH

DANANG, I CORPS

LONG SHOT CHINA BEACH MEN

TRUCK IN on a long stretch of white beach - dotted with hundreds of pale men in black Marine issue swim trunks. They lie on their backs in groups - there are no women - nobody moves very fast - occasionally we SEE TWO MEN throw a football laconically. The day is grey and overcast but hot. The water reflects the sky and there seems to be no horizon. A SMALL GROUP sit on surfboards off the end of a rock jetty or there are no waves, just an endless sheet of grey glass. The men are quiet and seem held in suspended animation or move in SLOW MOTION - held in limbo.

FULL SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE BEACH

THREE ARMY MEN, dressed in neat combat uniforms and fully armed, walk out of foreground up the beach. There is a certain sharp precision to their gait even though their boots catch in the sand. They head out straight across the beach, stepping over sleeping men rather than walking around - often kicking sand on resting bodies. TRUCK with them - Men look up irritated as they pass.

MARINE (o.s.)

Watch your goddamn feet, pea-brain -
this ain't no Army beach.

ANOTHER MARINE

Typical - typical.

They move along - there is more mumbling but nobody pays very much attention.

MED. SHOT BEACH CAPT. WILLARD OTHERS

In the foreground lies CAPT. B. L. WILLARD - about 35 - a craggy face with a long drooping moustache. His head is shaded by a large Vietnamese peasant hat on a stick. He stares up in the sky listening to a fly that buzzes around his head. Finally the fly lands on his hand - without moving his eyes fix on it.

CLOSE SHOT HAND

The fly edges off his hand and onto a rotten piece of banana.

CLOSE SHOT WILLARD

He watches the fly carefully then suddenly whirls over, bringing his other hand across with a bayonet which he stabs into the sand next to the banana in foreground. The fly buzzes away. He just stares at the banana a second then turns over on his back again. He stretches comfortably - closes his eyes and starts breathing in deeply with his mouth open. The fly returns, buzzes around a little and darts into his mouth. We HEAR a slight cough - his jaw snaps shut. He looks up - swallows and smiles to himself. As he resumes his sleep we SEE the THREE SOLDIERS approach. They draw up and stand rigidly blocking out the sun. Willard looks up surprised - annoyed. A Sergeant steps forward.

SERGEANT

Captain B. L. Willard
4th Recon Company
10 Battalion -
173 Airborne Brigade
- Sir --

Willard just looks at him and blinks - there is an embarrassing pause.

SERGEANT (continuing)

Sir?

He still just stares at the man.

SERGEANT

Captain B. L. Willard - 4th -

WILLARD

Affirmative, boy.

SERGEANT

Thank you, sir -
We have orders to escort you to the
airfield, sir -

WILLARD

What have I done?

SERGEANT

Sir?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

WILLARD

What're the charges - You take a
man off the beach you gotta have
charges -
Where those orders come from?

SERGEANT

Headquarters - Headquarters Company -
II Corps - 405th A.S.A. Battalion -
S-2- Com - Sec - Intelligence - Nha
Trang.

WILLARD

Well that doesn't leave me much selection.

SERGEANT

No sir, it doesn't.

Willard shrugs, gets up, picks up his beach towel - his
peasant hat and bayonet and trudges off between the three
soldiers down the beach. Nearby Marines look up and shake
their heads.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT HELICOPTER

NIGHT

TRACK with a darkly painted "Huey" as it ROARS over low
paddies and jungle and emerges onto an open plain - crossing
a barbed wire and sand-bagged perimeter and lands in a heavily
fortified and concealed compound.

MED. SHOT COMPOUND DIFFERENT ANGLE

Armed Men jump from the Huey - among them Willard. A large
camouflaged cover is moved REVEALING an underground corridor -
the Men enter.

INT. CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT WILLARD

Willard in combat dress, helmet, flak jacket, tiger suit,
rifle, etc., moves swiftly along the dark, dimly lit passage-
way. The Enlisted Men stop at attention. Willard looks
nervously ahead.

OFFICER (c.s.)

At - ease - Sergeant - We have Captain
Willard now sir -

(pause)

Yes sir.

FULL SHOT PLOTTING ROOM WILLARD OTHERS

A door swings wide - Willard steps through in foreground and comes to attention - blocking view of room. A strange reddish light pervades. We SEE that the room is covered with plastic maps and is filled with smoke.

WILLARD

Captain B.L. Willard
4th Recon Company
10th Battalion - 173 Airborne Brigade -
Reporting as ordered sir -

COLONEL (o.s.)

That'll be enough, Willard, sit down.

Willard does and so REVEALS Three Men sitting in large office chairs across the room. The nearest one, a COLONEL, puts a cigar out on the bottom of his shoe - behind him sits a MAJOR and a seedy looking fat CIVILIAN in a white tropical suit - he puffs vigorously on a large cigar - behind him sits a bald LIEUTENANT at the controls of some massive computer - wears earphones. The room is lit red by the lights from various machines.

COLONEL

Have you ever seen this officer before,
Captain Willard?

He points to the Major.

WILLARD

No sir.

COLONEL

This gentleman or myself?

WILLARD

No sir.

COLONEL

That's fine, Willard, that's fine -
you see we've chosen you to do a special
job for us, Captain - you've worked for
the Agency before, haven't you?

WILLARD

Yes sir - twice.

MAJOR

I believe on your last job you executed
a tax collector in Kontum, is that right?

WILLARD

I am not presently disposed to discuss
that, sir.

MAJOR

Very good.

He turns to the Colonel and nods his approval. The Colonel gets up and goes to large plastic map.

(Cont.)

COLONEL

You know much about Special Forces, Captain?

WILLARD

I've worked with them on occasions and I saw the movie, sir.

The Officers smile at this.

COLONEL

Then you can appreciate Command's concern over their - shall we say erratic methods of operation -

(pause)

I have never favored elite units, Captain, including your paratroops or whatever - just because a man jumps out of an airplane or wears a silly hat doesn't give him any privileges in my book - not in this man's army.

MAJOR

We didn't need 'em in Korea - no, sir - Give me an Ohio farm boy and an M-1 Garand - none of this fancy crap - no sir.

CIVILIAN

(haughty)

We did not bring the Captain here to discuss the matter of inter-service rivalry, Major.

MAJOR

Of course not, sir.

CIVILIAN

Then proceed, Colonel.

COLONEL

Of course -

He lights a cigar nervously - recomposes himself with it and points to the map.

COLONEL

We have Special Forces A detachments all along the Cambodian Border - two here and another one here - and here - twelve or fourteen Americans - maybe two hundred

(Cont.1)

COLONEL (Cont.)

C.I.D.G. troops - mostly montagnards
- They're left pretty much on their
own - they train and motivate their
men - pick their own operations.
If they need something - they call
for it - and get it within reason.
What we're concerned with is here.

CLOSE SHOT MAP

He points his cigar into the plastic map - burning it
slightly.

COLONEL

The A detachment at Nu Mung Dung
- It was originally a larger base
- built up along the river in an
old Cambodian fortress. We pulled
back the A.R.V.N. troops - left an
A team when the N.V.A. shifted
their infiltration routes - the
area has been relatively quiet for
the past two years - but -

MED. SHOT WILLARD OTHERS

COLONEL

(continuing)

Captain - we know something's going
on up there - Major -

The Major looks at some papers in front of him.

MAJOR

Communications naturally dwindled
with the lack of V.C. activity -
this is routine - expected - but
six months ago communication
virtually stopped -

COLONEL

About the same time - large numbers
of Montagnards of the M'Nong descent
began leaving the area - this in
itself is not unusual since these
people have fought with the Rhade
Tribe that lives in the area for
centuries. But what is unusual is
that we began to find Rhade refugees
too - in the same sam-pans as the

(Cont.)

COLONEL (Cont.)

M'Nongs - these people aren't afraid of V.C. - they've put up with war for twenty years - but something is driving them out.

MAJOR

We communicate with the base infrequently - hearing static - yet they've called for no air drops of replacement RT equipment - What they have called for are air-strikes - immediate - always at night and some distance from the camp.

WILLARD

Have the calls been clear?

MAJOR

Always.

WILLARD

What about the yards - they say anything?

MAJOR

Nothing - nobody will talk about it - an' nobody will go up there, for any amount of money.

The Colonel walks over to a table and pulls out a folder.

COLONEL

Letters from the wives and families of these men - quite routine - all asking where to send future mail - understanding the -

(pause)

"Necessary silence due to the nature of their work."

He hands the folder to Willard.

COLONEL

(continuing)

You see, Captain, none of them have written home in half a year.

WILLARD

You think it's V.C.

COLONEL

We haven't ruled out the possibility

(Cont.1)

MAJOR

Especially with the events of
the last two weeks.

The Colonel gets up and walks over to a console.

COLONEL

Then of course there are these.

He flicks on a tape recorder. The recording is first static - the air controller then asks for more information on target coordinates - all sounds very routine - military. Then a frantic VOICE comes on - talking slurred like someone drinking except very fast.

VOICE

(o.s.)

Up 2 - 0 - Give it to me quick -
Mark flare - affirmative damn -
Immediate receive - hearing automatic weapons fire man -

Gunfire is HEARD and a lower slower VOICE in b.g.

2ND VOICE

(o.s.)

Blue Delta five
this Big Rhino - three
need that ordnance immediately
Goddamn give it me immediate
Christ - Big Rhino -
Blue God - Delta damn - goddamn.

A heavy BURST of automatic weapons fire - insane laughter - static and faintly, very faintly we HEAR hard rock music - more static - suddenly a low clear VOICE, peaceful and serene, almost tasting the words.

3RD VOICE

(o.s.)

This is Big Rhino Six - Blue Delta.

MAJOR

That's Colonel Kurtz.

3RD VOICE

(o.s.)

I want that napalm dropped in the
trees - spread it among the branches.
We'll give you a flare - an orange
one - bright orange -
(STATIC)

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.2)

3RD VOICE (Cont.)

We'd also like some white phos-
phorus Blue Delta - white phos-
phorus.

STATIC interrupts - the Colonel turns the machine off.

MAJOR

That has been verified as his voice
- Lieutenant Colonel W. Kurtz.

The Civilian shakes his head.

COLONEL

Ten days ago - last air strike.

The Colonel gets up - the Civilian leads the way - they go
back behind the computer - the Major leads Willard.

FULL SHOT CORRIDOR THE GROUP

They walk down a narrow high ceilinged corridor walled by
giant blinking computers - hundreds of yards long. Men sit
at desks with earphones on - listening to something and pushing
buttons. TRACK with the group as they walk.

WILLARD

Well at least they're fighting.

CIVILIAN:

The question is who, Captain?

WILLARD

What do you mean?

CIVILIAN

They attached a South Vietnamese
Ranger platoon three days ago -
Last week a Recon helicopter was
lost in the area - another received
heavy damage - direct fire from
their base camp.

Willard is somewhat taken aback at this.

WILLARD

Our recon flight?

CIVILIAN

(shakes his head)

Ours.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

WILLARD

Touchy situation.

CIVILIAN

Very.

They walk through a door and emerge into a vast complex of electronic equipment not being used. Lights are on warning signs - an ARMED GUARD comes to attention and salutes them snappily as they pass. Their voices ECHO in the vast underground room.

CIVILIAN

(continuing)

Obviously this Colonel has gone mad, Captain - It's happened before.

WILLARD

Why not send an eagle flight in?

COLONEL

It would be the normal thing to do - but if we go up there in force we'll never know what was really happening or why it did - and we want as few people to know about this as possible.

CIVILIAN

You can see of course the implications - uh - say - if any of this - even rumors leaked out.

WILLARD

You want it cleaned up - simple - and quiet.

CIVILIAN

Exactly - you'll go up the Dung River in a Navy P.B.R. - appear at Nu Mung Dung as if by accident - infiltrate the team and terminate Colonel Kurtz' command -

Willard looks up sharply - they all stop.

WILLARD

The colonel? - terminate?

CIVILIAN

Terminate with extreme prejudice.

16.

FULL SHOT DOCK WILLARD OTHERS

NIGHT

Willard walks down the dock to the waiting P.B.R. (Patrol Boat, River) - a small light craft - very fast - heavily armed. Beside it stands its crew of FOUR. The boat commander, CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER R. PHILLIPS - a tough but sloppy looking man steps forward.

CHIEF

Captain -

They salute.

WILLARD

Chief.

He turns to the others.

CHIEF

My new -

TRUCK SLOWLY as Willard passes each one. They wave to attention or salute though somewhat bored with the procedure.

CHIEF

(continuing)

Gunners Mate Third Class

L. Johnson -

JOHNSON is a perfect image of the blond California surfer which he is.

CHIEF

(continuing)

We call him by his first name,
Lance.

He moves along.

CHIEF

(continuing)

Gunners Mate Third Class J. Hicks
- the Chef.

A huge, clumsy-looking, innocent KID.

CHIEF: ..

(continuing)

Radio Operator Second Class
T. Miller - Mr. Clean.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

Mr. CLEAN is a tall, lanky negro, incredibly clean. Willard returns the last salute and turns to the Chief.

WILLARD

Chief - you can tell them they don't have to salute or sir me. We're all gonna be together awhile - you know what I mean.

CHIEF

That's fine with me, Captain. I run a pretty loose boat.

WILLARD

Let's get going then.

The Chief nods. They all jump aboard or go about their jobs.

CLOSE SHOT EXHAUST

The boat's engine kicks over - flames belches from the exhaust.

FULL SHOT BOW DECK THE CREW

The boat moves away from the dock. The Chief jumps aboard. Lance mans the forward twin fifty caliber machine guns - they wave to guards on the dock and move away into the darkness.

FULL SHOT STERN MR. CLEAN

Mr. Clean sits in foreground at stern machine gun. The lights of the base move away as the boat picks up speed moving into the dark open waters.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT BOAT

NIGHT

The boat slams through the night bouncing wildly in a heavy sea hurtling off the top of a wave and crashing full into the trough of another.

MED. SHOT BOAT COCKPIT WILLARD CHIEF

Willard holds on to whatever he can - he looks very pale - water crashes over the bow and drenches everyone. The Chief mans the wheel and the engines WHINE. Lance climbs back from his position - he looks at Willard who just stares ahead into space swallowing - then he gets a water-proof bag from a corner.

LANCE
Want any, Chief?

CHIEF
What?

LANCE
You want any of this?

CHIEF
No - I mean what is it?

LANCE
Fish.

CHIEF
That raw kind?

LANCE
No, this is fermented and fried
in motor oil.

Willard rushes to the side vomiting.

CHIEF
The other side, Captain - the
wind.

He vomits vigorously into the night.

MR. CLEAN
(o.s.)
Shit - it's all over the
searchlight.

LANCE
(to Chief)
What was wrong with him?

CHIEF
Airborne.

DISSOLVE TO:

LONG SHOT BOAT

DAWN

The dawn comes up spectacularly through the broken storm clouds - the sea has grown calm again.

MED. SHOT FORE-DECK WILLARD LANCE

Willard lays on the fore-deck looking very sea-sick. Lance crouches next to him.

LANCE

You just stay there now an' get some good air - You'll get used to it in a couple of days.

This doesn't seem to console him. Lance turns back to the others who stand around the Chief.

LANCE

(to Chief)

Go on - you were being washed.

CHIEF

Yeah - so I said the hell with this washing. I could see it wasn't gonna get me nowhere - I told her I was ready for my massage.

CLEAN

She walk on your back first?

CHIEF

No she put me on this table - starts massaging down my shoulders, chest - Still cold an' impersonal - all business - she goes a little lower an' stops.

They all crowd closer -

CHIEF

She stands up puts her hands on her hips - a whole new negotiation.

He steps back from the wheel and assumes a commanding presence - looking slightly embarrassed.

CHIEF

(continuing)

You want special massage -- I said what's special massage? -

(Cont.)

CHIEF (Cont.)

two dollars - I said no - no -
what is special massage - she
looked at me real strange -

He looks strange - then grins.

CHIEF

(continuing)

For four dollars - extra special
massage - So I said what is
special massage - I have never
heard of special massage - she
looks really wierd.

He looks really wierd.

CHIEF

(continuing)

- Aw you know what special massage
is - you putting me on -- I said no -
I just wanta know what god-damn
special massage is - She says -
You number 10 G.I. - you really
don't know bout special massage -
Then she got embarrassed - Special
massage is with -

(pause, embarrassed)

- hand.

They all laugh, enjoying this. The Chief animates his
story very well.

CHIEF

(continuing)

I said you've just been giving me
a hand massage - What is this very
special massage - She didn't wanta
answer that - just said that I was
a very number ten G.I. - said it
over an' over again an' I kept asking
her - Finally - I said I'd pay her
the four dollars if she'd tell me -
That seemed to get her even more -
she said she'd show me - I said no
I just wanted to hear about first -
We sat there looking at each other
she turned red and looked down
giggling.

He looks down giggling trying to turn red.

CHIEF

Very special massage is - is

(Cont.1)

They laugh - he nods in satisfaction.

LANCE

Well?

He looks up.

CHIEF

Well what?

CHEF

Well what happened?

CHIEF

That's when the rockets hit
the place -

They all turn away disappointed - He looks straight
ahead - talks almost to himself.

CHIEF

They hit it three times -
I think she got zapped.

CLOSE SHOT WILLARD

He looks up thinking. Suddenly there is a slow buffeting
as if the air around them is being sucked out and replaced
quickly - The boat shakes slightly - Willard get up - there
is distant rolling NOISE like interrupted thunder. PULL
BACK to reveal the rest of them stop whatever they're doing -
stand up and look out towards the shore and the green jungled
hills beyond. The buffeting and NOISE continues - they all
stand silently - Suddenly it stops.

MR. CLEAN

Archlight.

It starts again.

CHEF

I hate that noise - I heard it
during Tet - everytime I hear
that something horrible happens.

It stops -

CHIEF

Anybody see some smoke?

MR. CLEAN

Too far inland.

(Cont.)

It starts again - goes on briefly then stops. .

LANCE

There they are.

He points up in the sky.

FULL SHOT SKY

Way up - past any clouds and barely discernible we see the black silhouettes of four B-52 bombers, their vapor trails streaming white against the dark blue sky.

MR. CLEAN (o.s.)

Charlie don't ever hear 'em - nct
till it's too late - Don't have to
hit you either - concussion'll do
it from a quarter mile or better -
Burst your ears - suck the air outa
your lungs.

FULL SHOT BOAT CABIN CREW

They look up.

CHEF

Somethin terrible's gonna
happen.

CHIEF

(hard)

Chef -

They look at the Chief.

CHIEF

Keep it to yourself.

Chef just stares out at the mountains.

LANCE

Smoke!

They all turn - he points up the coast.

FULL SHOT COASTLINE

A thin trail of black smoke rises from the green jungle.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

LANCE

Black smoke - secondary
burning.

The Chief grabs field glasses.

CHIEF

Probably a village.

He looks -

CHIEF

Yeah - fishing village -
helicopters over there -
Huey's lots of 'em.

Willard shakily walks over.

WILLARD

That'll be the Cav -

CHIEF

What?

WILLARD

1st Air Cavalry. We're gonna
link up with them - use 'em
for an escort into the delta.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT BOAT VILLAGE

The P.B.R. moves slowly nearing the beach. Two Hueys hover menacingly overhead - The sky around them is swarming with others - gunfire and explosions rip through the jungle - Willard and the crew are helmeted and ready for action they scan the beachline.

FULL SHOT BEACH VILLAGE

PAN SLOWLY across a vast field of devastation - smashed and smoking palm trees - deep ragged craters - gutted and burning huts - shattered sam-pans and bodies washing around in the surf. Everywhere are American soldiers - walking casually - oblivious to the gunfire, the scream of jets and concussion of explosions from the jungle. A mortar crew methodically lobbs shells off into the distance - behind them other soldiers load wounded into helicopters. Many of the men turn and glance toward us but pay little attention and go on about their grim business. A Huey barks low over the jungle - loudspeakers blaring out Vietnamese in a strange friendly

(Cont.)

Everywhere the sand is dotted with smoking ruins and twisted corpses.

MED. SHOT BEACH WILLARD CHIEF LANCE OTHERS

They wade through the water to the beach where they are met by a heavily armed group of men. Overhead jets swoop by firing rockets - the NOISE mingled with that of the loudspeakers drowns out all else - Willard talks with men - shows them papers - a Sergeant leads them off up the beach - TRACK with them.

SERGEANT

Well - Major Bent's right over
in those huts - or wait a second -
there's our C.O. now.

He points up as Hueys roar overhead.

FULL SHOT HELICOPTERS

Three Hueys swoop in low - they are heavily laden with machine guns - rockets and loudspeakers - The two outside copters hover while the center copter lands raising a lot of dust. It cuts its rotors and the other copters pull up and off to the side - Two armed soldiers jump from the doors and stand with guns ready - Then a tall strong looking man emerges - He wears a well cut and neatly starched tiger suit. It is COL. WILLIAM KHARNAGE - tough looking, well tanned with a black mustache. He crouches over holding his hat in the rotor wash - It is no ordinary hat but civil war confederate cavalry hat complete with plume. He walks out into foreground then stands to his full immense height and with his hands on his hips - he surveys the field of battle - His eyes are obscured by mirror fronted sunglasses.

KHARNAGE

(bellowing)

Lieutenant! Bcmb that tree line
back about a hundred yards - give
me some room to breath.

A Lieutenant and a radioman nod and rush off to carry out the orders - Kharnage turns back to his TWO GUARDS.

KHARNAGE

Bring me some cards.

GUARD

Sir?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

KHARNAGE

Body cards you damn fool -
cards!

The soldier rushes over and hands him two brand new packages of playing cards wrapped in plastic. Two other soldiers get out of the copter and walk over - they are well tanned and carry no weapons - they seem more casual about the Colonel than anyone else - the Sergeant walks up leading Willard - the Chief and Lance -

SERGEANT

Col. Kharnage sir - This
Captain says he has special
business with you sir - He
carries priority papers from
Com-Sec Intelligence - II Corps -

WILLARD

Captain Willard sir - 4th Recon
Group - Com-Sec.

KHARNAGE

(not looking up)

Yeah - Na Trang told me to expect
you - we'll do what we can - just
stay out of my way till this is
done Captain.

He cracks the plastic wrapping sharply - takes out the deck of new cards and fans them. We see that on their backs is the 1st Cavalry Airmobile crest, in yellow and black - The Col. strides forward - the others follow.

MED. SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE

TRACK with them as the Col. walks through the shell pocked field of devastation. Soldiers gather around smiling - as Kharnage comes to each twisted V.C. corpse he drops a playing card on it - carefully picking out which cards he uses.

KHARNAGE

(to himself)

Six a spades - Eight a hearts -
Isn't one worth a jack in this
whole place

One of the two tanned soldiers rushes up and whispers something to him - he stops.

KHARNAGE

What - here - You sure -

(Cont.)

The soldier points at Lance - Kharnage walks over to him.

KHARNAGE

What's your name sailer?

LANCE

Gunner's Mate Third Class -
L. Johnson - sir.

KHARNAGE

Lance Johnson?

Lance smiles surprised.

LANCE

That's right sir.

KHARNAGE

Lance Johnson the surfer -

LANCE

Well - yes sir.

Kharnage smiles - sticks out his hand.

KHARNAGE

It's an honor to meet you Lance -
I've admired nose-riding for
years - I like your cutback too.

LANCE

Thank you sir.

KHARNAGE

You can cut the sir Lance -
I'm Bill Kharnage - I'm a goofy
foot.

He turns to the other two.

KHARNAGE (cont.)

This is Mike from San Diego and
Johnny from Malibu - they're
good solid surfers - none of us
are anywhere near your class though.

Lance blushes sort of mumbling thanks. Kharnage puts his
hand on Lance's shoulder, and continues on flipping the
cards indiscriminately on the bodies.

KHARNAGE

We do a lot of surfing around here -
Like to finish up operations early
and fly down to Vung Tau for the

(Cont.1)

KHARNAGE (cont.)

I like the beach breaks around
Na Trang a lot - good lefts.

He passes a twisted gun emplacement with about five bodies -
sprinkles cards all over them.

KHARNAGE

We keep three boards in my
Command Huey at all times -
you never can tell when you're
gonna run into something good -
I got a guy in Cam Rau Bay that
can predict a swell two days in
advance - we try to work it in.

He stops at a particularly wild looking Viet Cong who has
died with his mouth agape - staring wide-eyed in horror
at the sky - Kharnage pauses.

KHARNAGE

(to himself)

Hell that's an ace if I ever
saw one.

He puts the card in the gaping mouth.

CLOSE SHOT VIET CONG

We see the Col. and the others walk off - the dead Viet Cong
and card are in immediate foreground. The card has the
shield of the Cav printed beautifully on it and the words -
Death From Above.

KHARNAGE

Where've you been riding Lance?

LANCE

I haven't surfed since I got here.

KHARNAGE

(receding)

We'll change that - I'd like to see
you work - I've always liked your
cutback - got a hell of a left turn
too.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT HELICOPTER THE GROUP

DUSK

Willard and the Colonel spread out a plastic map on a table - the others gather around - Everywhere we SEE armed men, sandbags, barbed wire, oil drums, etc. - Hueys are constantly roaring over - Artillery BOOMS in the far distance

WILLARD

We can get into the river here or here - It's a wide delta but these are the only places I'm sure of.

KHARNAGE

Well that village you're pointing at is kinda hairy.

WILLARD

Sir?

KHARNAGE

I mean it's hairy - they got some pretty heavy ordnance boy - I've lost a few recon ships in there now and again.

Kharnage studies the map more closely.

KHARNAGE

What about this point here?

PULL IN so we see the point he indicates.

CHIEF

Well we don't know anything about the bottom conditions.

KHARNAGE

What's the name a that god damn village Vin Drin Drop or Lop - damn gook names all sound the same.

He motions to one of the surfers.

KHARNAGE

Mike - you know anything about the point at Vin Drin Drop -

MIKE

Boss left -

KHARNAGE

A left!

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

MIKE

It's a real long left slide
breaks on the short side of the
point - catches a south swell.

Kharnage is excited.

KHARNAGE

Why didn't you tell me about
that place - a good left -

He turns to Willard.

KHARNAGE (cont.)

There ain't any good left slides
in this whole, shitty country.
It's all god-damn beach break.

MIKE

It's hairy though that's where
we lost McDonnell - they shot
the hell out of us. It's
Charlie's point.

KHARNAGE

How big was it?

MIKE

Six to eight feet.

Kharnage gazes out across the parked helicopters.

KHARNAGE

(to himself)

A six foot left.

MIKE (cont.)

- with light off shore winds -
really hollow.

KHARNAGE

(almost to himself)

We could go in tomorrow at dawn -
there's always off-shore wind in
the morning.

CHIEF

But sir the draft of that river
may be too shallow on the point.

KHARNAGE

We'll pick your boat up and put it
down where you want it - This is

(Cont.1)

He turns back to his "adviser."

KHARNAGE

You take a gunship back to
division - Mike take Lance with
you - let him pick out a board -
an bring me my Yates pin tail -
the eight-six.

TOM

I don't know sir - it's -

KHARNAGE

(hard)

What is it?

TOM

Well I mean it's hairy in there -
It's Charlie's point.

Kharnage turns and looks out across the battalion - puts
his hands on his hips and draws in a deep breath.

KHARNAGE

Charlie doesn't surf.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT COL. KHARNAGE HELICOPTER EARLY DAWN

He walks up to the side door dressed for battle. He looks
out - around.

LONG SHOT HELICOPTERS

What seems like hundreds of Hueys stand silently - waiting -
inside we see the men of the 1st Cavalry Airmobile -
toughest unit in Vietnam.

CLOSE SHOT KHARNAGE

He turns to his door gunner.

KHARNAGE

How you feel boy?

GUNNER

Like a mean mother fucker sir.

Kharnage turns to his P. T. man.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

KHARNAGE

Let's go.

MONTAGE

Helicopters' rotors turning - gas turbines belching fire from their jet pipes - dust flying as eighty-five helicopters rise - roar over camera and deploy into attack formation.

2ND MONTAGE

Various faces of the gunners as they look out into the dawn and cock their weapons. The pilots who activate the forward firing grenade launchers - CLOSE SHOTS of rocket pods - mini-guns in bizarre looking mounts. Finally the men - nervous, excited - very few of them really scared - they fondle their rifles, grenade launchers, claymore mines, anti-personnel grenades, plastic explosive cord, flame throwers, M-60 machine guns, expendable rocket launchers, mortars and bayonets.

INT. COMMAND COPTER KHARNAGE, WILLARD, OTHERS MED. SHOT

Willard looks tensely ahead - Kharnage sits near the door tying a cord around his hat to keep it on - the plume waves wildly - Below they see the jungle whisk by and they are suddenly out over the ocean - low and fast - Kharnage cranes his neck and almost leans out to watch the waves - then he sits back relaxed.

KHARNAGE

(to Willard)

We'll come in low out of the rising sun - We'll put on the music about a mile out.

WILLARD

Music?

KHARNAGE

Yeah I use Wagner - scares hell out of the slopes - the boys love it.

MED. SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE

P.O.V. behind the PILOT and CO-PILOT - the ocean below.

(C)

(Cont.)

PILOT

Big Duke six to Eagle Thrust -
turn on coordinates 1 - 0 - niner
assume attack formation.

The helicopter banks into tight turn and bears towards the coast.

RADIO

(o.s.)

Eagle-Thrust formation target
2800 yards - begin pysh-war
operations.

CLOSE SHOT LOUDSPEAKERS

The ocean rushes below as suddenly the loudspeakers BLARE out Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries."

FULL SHOT HELICOPTERS

From on the water we SEE eight-five Hueys - gunships - troop carriers - medevac and recon - roar over low in battle formation BLARING out "Ride of the Valkyries."

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT VIET CONG VILLAGE VIET CONG

A typical Vietnamese coastal fishing village built along the beach and palm trees - with rice paddies behind. Sampans are pulled into a cove where they are being unloaded. We SEE bunkers with N.V.A. regulars ambling about - Suddenly they HEAR the music - Everyone stops - they stare out to see - Men scream orders - women run from huts bearing ammunition and rifles -- Everywhere there is confusion - anti-aircraft batteries are exposed and manned. People feverishly unlimber weapons of all types and run to tunnels and trenches. The music grows LOUDER with the faint sound of rotors.

CLOSE SHOT V.C. GUNNER

A young gunner jumps into position - cocks and clears his 20 m.m. cannon.

CLOSE SHOT V.C. WOMEN

Three women crouch in the doorway of a hut cocking automatic rifles and readying grenades.

INT. MED. SHOT HELICOPTER CREW

P.O.V. behind pilot -

PILOT

700 --- 600 yards --- 500 ---
commence firing -

The whole copter shakes.

EXT. MONTAGE HELICOPTERS

We see rockets roar from pods - machine guns rattle -
grenade launchers pound away - and mini-guns pour solid
streams of lead with the sound of a diesel horn.

FULL SHOT HELICOPTERS

P.O.V. behind lead gunships. They roar in over the beach
streaming fire from doors, pods and nose - The ground is
alive with smoke and fire - a hut explodes. The lead
ships bank sharply up over the trees - men run below
shooting back.

CLOSE SHOT V.C. GUNNER

Explosions crash around - the music and sound of the copters
almost drown them out. The gunner fires frantically - grit-
ting his teeth and screaming. Copters are heard to roar
over - gunfire rips around. His loader is blown away.

MED. SHOT GUNNER DIFFERENT ANGLE

He fires wheeling his cannon as the gunships roar over
and around him - Finally shells crash around him - smoke
and flames obscure him as he slumps over his gun.

FULL SHOT V.C.

Men and women fire rifles up in the air. Helicopters roar
past - turn - gunfire rips across the sand - rockets thud
into the trees exploding.

FULL SHOT VILLAGE PADDIES COPTERS

The troop ships swoop in low - their door guns blazing -
men lead into the tall swamp grass and deploy - gunfire
rips around them.

FULL SHOT HUT HELICOPTER WOMAN

A helicopter lands outside a hut - a woman rushes out and hurls a smoking bomb - there is a blinding explosion - men scream - rotor blades and engine parts fly.

MED. SHOT CRASHED COPTER SOLDIERS

American soldiers spill bleeding and shattered out the smoking door - Other copters roar overhead. The door gunner pulls himself up to his M-60 - the woman rushes from the hut with another smoking bomb - he gives her a full blast of automatic fire that smashes her dancing crazily in the hut's doorway until the bomb explodes.

MED. SHOT ANOTHER COPTER PADDIES

Another copter swoops in hovering on the paddies - the men start to jump out. V.C. jump from the tall grass and charge forward guns blazing. Bullets smash through the copter causing it to settle down in the water. The Americans rush forward to meet the charge, M-16's blazing - They crash into the V.C. shooting, clubbing, bayoneting and strangling them. The door gunners bring their fire to bear.

CLOSE SHOT PILOT

The pilot leans out and shoots a charging V.C. in the head with his forty-five then ducks back in.

CO-PILOT

We're down Eagle Thrust - we're hit - We got a hot L.Z. here -

Bullets rip through the plexiglass - The pilot fires back.

CO-PILOT

Hell of a hot L.Z. Need immediate air strike on the tree line Eagle Thrust.

CUT TO:

INT. MED. SHOT COMMAND COPTER KHARNAGE, OTHERS

Kharnage has R.T. equipment - he leans out near the door gunner.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

KHARNAGE

Big Duke Six to Hell's Angels Four -
bring it on in along tree line and
huts -

RADIO (o.s.)

Hell's Angels Four to Big Duke Six - we'll
need green smoke -- suggest you have
the FAC mark it.

KHARNAGE

Haven't got time Hell's Angels - lay
it right up the tree line.

FULL SHOT JET SQUADRON

Four F-4H Phantoms peel off and streak towards coast.

FULL SHOT JETS' P.O.V. HELICOPTER

The jets streak by below laying in huge gobs of orange
napalm along the trees.

KHARNAGE

Very good Hells Angels - suggest
you follow with cannon fire.

INT. MED. SHOT COMMAND COPTER KHARNAGE

They circle the battle.

RADIO

This is Baker Delta Four - Captain's
hit bad - need dust-off - receiving
heavy automatic weapons fire from
huts about 30 yards to our left.

KHARNAGE

Big Duke Six to Baker Delta Four -
hold - we're right over you.

He turns to door gunner.

KHARNAGE

Right along the doors boy.

The gunner fires leaning out -- really getting into it.

KHARNAGE

Fine - Fine - little higher - through
the roof - yeah that's good.

(Cont.)

He leans back in.

KHARNAGE

Didn't anybody bring me any bombs,
grenades, claymores or anything?

LIEUTENANT

You didn't tell me to sir.

KHARNAGE

(grumbling)

You should a known.

Suddenly bullets smash through the copter - plexiglass
shatters - the copter vibrates and turns sharply - Kharnage
is thrown down where he hangs on.

KHARNAGE

Scn of a bitch - anybody hurt?

CO-PILOT

It's coming from the trees - we're
all here.

KHARNAGE

The trees eh -

He grabs the R.T.

KHARNAGE

Eagle Thrust Four - Big Duke Six - join
me in spraying some trees -

RADIO

Affirmative Big Duke Six - We've even
got some rockets left.

KHARNAGE

Take her in low Lieutenant.

FULL SHOT TREES HELICOPTERS

The two helicopters swoop up out of the smoke and blast the
trees with rockets - machine guns and grenade launchers -
Other copters join - The V.C. break and run through the
rice paddies in foreground. Bullets explode around them -
they scream and fall firing back.

INT. MED. SHOT HELICOPTER KHARNAGE OTHERS

Kharnage looks out as three V.C. break out across the
paddies - the helicopter turns and follows them - The door

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

gunner swings out and blasts two of them into the mud - he takes a bead on the third.

KHARNAGE

Hold it boy.

He puts his arm across the sights - the gunner swings back inside.

KHARNAGE

Take her up to 300 feet Lieutenant.

They rise up above the paddy - the man runs below for all he's worth. Kharnage motions to the door gunner who steps aside. Kharnage buckles himself into the gunner's safety harness. The man runs frantically below.

KHARNAGE

Rifle.

A hand passes him an M-16.

KHARNAGE

(hard)

My rifle soldier.

There is some fumbling and then a hand passes him a 300 Weatherby. Magnum with zeora wood stock - mother of pearl inlays and a variable power scope. Kharnage takes it and opens the bolt. The magazine is filled with huge cartridges. He gets into the sling and slams the bolt shut.

EXT. MED. SHOT V.C.

The V.C. runs breathing hard starting to sink into the mud - the Huey drones overhead - He fires at it with a pistol.

INT. MED. SHOT COPTER KHARNAGE

Kharnage leans out - pulls the gun in tight - takes careful aim and blasts the Cong flat into the paddy. He leans back opens the bolt ejecting the spent cartridge out the door.

SOLDIER (o.s.)

That's 27 sir.

KHARNAGE

27 uh - anybody got a card?

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT BATTLEFIELD THE CAV V.C.

Americans run through the hooches firing and throwing grenades - Helicopters swoop overhead - jets roar by - uniformed N.V.A. regulars burst from a tunnel entrance and charge the Americans - the shooting is at point blank range automatic - the V.C. are cut down. A soldier runs into foreground - kneels and fires an M-79 at retreating V.C. blowing them apart.

FULL SHOT COPTERS WOUNDED

Wounded are helped into waiting medevac copters while gunships swarm overhead - artillery and mortars open up.

INT. MED. SHOT COPTER KHARNAGE

Kharnage leans out carefully looking over the battle field. He has the R.T.

KHARNAGE

Move up on the huts along the beach
Bravo Four - Deploy and suppress fire
from the trees.

He leans back talking to Willard.

KHARNAGE

That L.Z.'s cooling off fast - We'll
move in another company and then we'll
own it.

He laughs to himself.

KHARNAGE

(to himself)
Charlie's point.

He looks out-toward the ocean.

KHARNAGE

Good swell.

WILLARD

What sir?

KHARNAGE

I said it's a good swell - hell
of a good swell - bout six feet.

- DISSOLVE:

FULL SHOT BEACH HUTS SOLDIERS

Americans line up blindfolded Viet Cong and N.V.A. regular troops outside a burning hut. Gunfire is distant and sporadic - an occasional mortar round screams in. A soldier yells in Vietnamese in a southern accent and the prisoners are marched away. Other soldiers are already setting up heavy weapons emplacements - 50 cal machine guns - mortars etc. Three Hueys roar in fanning the smoke. The center one, Col. Kharnage, lands. Jets scream over and the two gunships pull up about 200 ft. Another Huey zooms in low and lands behind the Colonel's. The doors open - guards jump out - check the situation - out steps Kharnage - from the other copter come the two surfers and Lance. Willard follows.

FULL SHOT POINT KHARNAGE, WILLARD, LANCE, OTHERS

They stride out across the debris strewn beach - Kharnage stands majestically on the point watching the waves. A shell screams overhead.

SOLDIER

Incoming!

They all dive except Kharnage - he is watching a big set - the shell explodes in the water about a hundred yards away sending up a huge geyser of spray. Kharnage is unmoved. The others get up and join him.

KHARNAGE

Look at that.

They look.

SOLDIER

This L.Z. is still pretty hot sir - maybe we oughta stand somewhere else.

Kharnage pays him no mention.

WILLARD

When're they gonna bring the boat in Colonel?

KHARNAGE

(without looking)
It'll get here soldier.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

He turns to Mike and Johnny who look like they are ready to hit the dirt again.

KHARNAGE

Change.

MIKE

Wh - What?

KHARNAGE

Change - get out there - I want
a see if it's rideable - change -

MIKE

It's still pretty hairy sir -

KHARNAGE

(bellowing)

You wanta surf soldier?

He nods yes meekly.

KHARNAGE

That's good boy because you either
surf or fight - that clear - now
get going -

They turn and leave - Kharnage grabs an M-16 from one of
the guards - they all think he's going to shoot the surfers
or someone. They move back uneasy.

KHARNAGE

I'm gonna cover for 'em - that's
all -

He cocks the weapon - Lance looks around uneasily. The
Colonel walks over.

KHARNAGE

You think that section on the point
is rideable Lance?

LANCE

I think we oughta wait for the tide
to come in.

A shell screams over - they all hit the dirt except Kharnage.
It explodes throwing sand through the air. Kharnage leans
down yelling over the noise.

KHARNAGE

Doesn't happen for six hours.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

Lance just looks up at him terrified holding onto his helmet.

KHARNAGE

(louder)

The tide - doesn't come in for six hours.

DISSOLVE TO

FULL SHOT SURF MIKE JOHNNY

They walk through the shallows carrying brightly colored boards. They look very scared - Jets scream overhead firing cannons. Helicopters wheel by carrying out wounded. They wear olive drab surfing trunks with the Cav's shield on the left leg. The same shield is emblazoned on the boards along with the word "Airmobile." They edge into the water and paddle through the mild shorebreak.

FULL SHOT POINT SURFERS

They paddle up the point in the calm channel - the beautiful waves breaking beyond them.

CLOSE SHOT MIKE JOHNNY

They paddle on their stomachs keeping low - breathing hard and constantly looking around scared out of their minds.

MED. SHOT KHARNAGE LANCE

Kharnage looks at them with his field glasses. Lance kind of sits below taking cover in a shell hole.

KHARNAGE

They're pretty far out - can you see 'em all right from there?

LANCE

Yeah it's fine - fine - I like to get low - makes the waves seem bigger.

KHARNAGE

They far enough -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

LANCE

Sure - fine -

Kharnage turns and takes a giant electric megaphone from a waiting lackey -

KHARNAGE

(through megaphone)

That's far enough - Pick one up and come on in -

FULL SHOT POINT SURFERS

They line themselves up on the point. A good set is building. Mike turns and strokes into it - takes off - drops to the bottom and turns -

CLOSE SHOT LANCE KHARNAGE

Another shell screams over and explodes down the beach.

LANCE

(to himself)

Maybe he'll get tubed.

KHARNAGE

What?

LANCE

Maybe he'll get inside the tube - where - where they can't see him.

A series of shells roars in.

SOLDIER (o.s.)

Incoming!

Lance ducks - puts his hands over his head - the shells scream over Kharnage and out towards the point. Kharnage looks through his glasses - two explosions in the water are heard.

KHARNAGE

Son of a bitch.

Lance looks up and out towards the point in horror.

FULL SHOT POINT

Two surfers float in the channel bobbing up and down on the waves.

MED. SHOT LANCE KHARNAGE

LANCE (to himself)
The tragedy of this war is a dead surfer.

KHARNAGE
What's that?

LANCE
Just something I read in the Free Press.

KHARNAGE
They ain't dead - they just missed a good set - the chicken shits.

Lance looks up.

FULL SHOT POINT SURFERS

They come up near their boards and climb on - smoke hangs over the water.

KHARNAGE
(o.s. through megaphone)
Try it again you little bastards.

CLOSE SHOT KHARNAGE

He turns glowering to his lackeys.

KHARNAGE
Bring that R.T. soldier

He grabs -

KHARNAGE
Big Duke Six to Hell's Angels -
God-dammit I want that tree-line
bombed - yeah - napalm - gimme
(more)

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

KHARNAGE (cont.)

some napalm - son of a bitch -
 yeah I'll take H.E. or C.B.U.'s
 if you got any of them - just bomb
 'em into the stone age boy - That
 clear Hell's Angels -

He throws the R.T. back to a soldier - Another salvo whistle
 over - everyone drops.

KHARNAGE

(to himself)

Son of a bitch.

As the shells explode on the beach behind him, Kharnage
 raises his M-16 and empties its full automatic in the
 general direction of the trees. He mumbles a few unin-
 telligible swear words and jams a new clip into his rifle
 turning to Lance -

KHARNAGE

We'll have this place cleaned up
 and ready for us in a jiffy boy -
 don't you worry.

He fires another clip as the jets scream overhead.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT RIVER COPTERS CHIEF OTHERS

A large Chinook helicopter descends slowly towards us -
 the P.B.R. hangs below it. The Chief, Mr. Clean and Chef
 stand in the foreground along with other soldiers - A man
 guides the descending copter till the boat settles care-
 fully in the shallows. The Chief and others leap aboard -
 unshackle the hoists - load on ammunition and fuel. The
 battle still goes on around them - mortar rounds scream -
 assorted small automatic weapons fire is heard in the
 distance. They all look up as wedge of Phantoms streaks
 over low and peel off one by one to begin their bombing
 run.

FULL SHOT PHANTOMS MONTAGE

Phantoms rake the trees with 20 m.m. cannons - fire five
 inch rockets in salvo - "Bull Pup" missiles - drop H.E.
 (High Explosives) - C.B.U.'s (Cluster Bomb Units) and
 finally lots and lots of napalm.

FULL SHOT P.B.R. CHIEF

The Chief is at the helm - the engine starts up - Clean & Chef work feverishly - The boat begins to back out of the shallows - the explosions of napalm are reflected on their faces - the roar of the fire drowns out almost everything

CHIEF

Forget that extra drum -
It's too damn hot.

CLEAN

Clear on starboard - Where's
Lance and the Captain?

CHIEF

I saw that Colonel's Huey on the
point - We can try and get over there.

Two helicopters scream OVER firing rockets.

CHIEF

Let's just get out of here -
this place is a madhouse.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT POINT KHARNAGE OTHERS

Kharnage watches the waves with his field glasses - smoke drifts over - Lance crouches below.

KHARNAGE

(almost to himself)
You smell that?

LANCE

What?

KHARNAGE

Napalm boy - nothing else in the
world smells like that -

They reflect the glow from the burning trees.

KHARNAGE

(nostalgic)

I love the smell of napalm in
the morning - One time we had a
hill bombed for 12 hours - I walked
up it when it was all over - We didn't
find one of 'em - not one stinkin' gook
body. They slipped out in the night - but

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

KHARNAGE (Cont.)

the smell - that clean gasoline smell -
the whole hill - it smelled like

(pause)

victory -

He looks off nostalgically.

KHARNAGE

(continuing)

You know some day this war's gonna end.

Suddenly he senses something - he stops - lifts his hand -
then frantically licks his fingers and puts them up in the
air.

KHARNAGE

The wind -

LANCE

-- What?

Sure enough there is a rushing breeze that increases.

KHARNAGE

(rising maniacally)

Feel it - it's the wind - It's
blowing onshore - It's onshore!

He leans down and grabs Lance almost.

KHARNAGE

(screaming)

It's gonna blow this place out -
ruin it -

LANCE

(terrified but relieved)

Yeah - I hate riding sloppy waves -

They turn and stare out to sea.

FULL SHOT POINT SURFERS

The wind has changed and instead of blowing spray back over
the waves and hollowing them out - this strange wind is
causing white caps and cross chop - reducing the swell to
slop. Mike and Johnny lay low on their boards, overjoyed.

LANCE (o.s.):

I can't stand sloppy waves.

MED. SHOT BEACH LANCE KHARNAGE

LANCE

(seizing the opportunity)
You don't want me to ride in that
crap do you? - I'm an artist - I
need something to work with -

KHARNAGE

(deranged)

Yeah - yeah - I can understand that -

He turns towards the trees -

KHARNAGE

It's the napalm - It's causing the
wind - ruining my perfect left -

He staggers off towards the trees followed by his guards -
and other lackeys.

KHARNAGE

(mumbling)

The napalm -- ruin - napalm -
my perfect left - my perfect
left point break -- napalm -

Willard rushes up to Lance.

WILLARD

Look -

He points - they turn.

FULL SHOT P.B.R.

The P.B.R. along the river shallows - The Chief and Crew
waving and yelling.

MED. SHOT LANCE WILLARD

LANCE

Let's get the hell out of here.

They break and run towards the boat in the distance - TRACK
with them - They are cheered on by the crew - suddenly Lance
sees something and stops - Willard continues - In a pile of
equipment that the Hueys have left are two surfboards - Lance
runs over -

--No - no Lance CLEAN (o.s.)

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

CHIEF (o.s.)

Get your ass over here, Johnson -

CHIEF

C'mon, Lance --

Lance grabs the nearest one and dashes down through the water - he hands it up to Mr. Clean who stuffs it in the stern 50 cal. mount and helps Lance aboard - The boat turns - engines running hard and roars off towards the deeper water of the river - the bright red board clearly visible on the stern.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT RIVER P.B.R.

The P.B.R. roars by going down river at full speed - it is swerving and zig-zagging to avoid potential enemy fire.

MED. SHOT P.B.R. CREW

They are all in full battle positions - their twin fifty cal. guns turning warily covering the jungled banks. The Chief is at the helm - Willard crouches against some armor plate - his M-16 ready -- Chef is behind him at the radio.

CHIEF

What's it sound like, Chef?

CHEF:

Nothing clear.

Lance leans back from his forward turret.

LANCE

(yelling)

Maybe we better stay in under the trees till dark - I took his Yater.

WILLARD

He didn't look like he'd take that sitting down -

They all look up in the sky - expecting the worst.

WILLARD

Stay close to the trees - we hear anything we'll hide - otherwise let's put some distance between us and Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

The Chief nods.

CHIEF

Lance -

LANCE

Yeah -

CHIEF

Why don't you roll us a big joint?
- I think the Captain'd like that.

They all look at Willard uneasily.

WILLARD:

Take one a mine -

He fishes into his breast pocket - pulls out a huge cigar-sized joint. They all smile - Willard lights up.

FULL SHOT P.B.R.

It zig-zags away from us down the river at high speed.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT TREES BOAT CREW NIGHT

The boat is hidden under some trees along the river bank -
The men wait tensely listening -

CHIEF

Can I go get those mangoes now?

CHIEF

I'll go with you in awhile -
just hold tight awhile -

CLEAN

Here he comes again -

They are all silent - It is pitch dark - we HEAR the distant SOUND of rotor-blades and indistinguishable language on a loudspeaker - The talk stops - the rotors grow louder until almost overhead.

LOUDSPEAKER (Kharnage c.s.)

I'm not gonna hurt or harm you boy -
I just want the board back - You can understand - It was one of my best -
You know how hard it is to get a board you like, boy. I'm not gonna hurt or harm you - Just leave it where I can find it -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

The helicopter drones on into the night - the same speech starts again further off - Finally the noise ceases.

CLEAN

Jesus - that guy's too damn much.

CHIEF

I wonder if that was the same copter.

WILLARD:

He's probably got 'em all over the river with that recording - We better move now while it's dark - We get close to the base at Hau Fat - he won't bother us anymore.

CHIEF

Why you say that?

WILLARD:

You think a big Cav Colonel wants those grunts to know somebody stole his surfboard.

CHIEF

Yeah I guess you're right.

Chef steps forward with a plastic basket.

CHIEF

Yeah, Chef - go ahead - take Lance with you -

WILLARD

I'd like to go -

They all look at him.

WILLARD

I wanta get my feet on solid land once in awhile -

He grabs an M-16 and follows Chef over the side.

MED. SHOT JUNGLE CHEF WILLARD NIGHT

They cautiously walk through the underbrush.

WILLARD

Chef.

CHEF

Yes sir -

WILLARD

Why they call you that?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

CHEF

Call me what, sir?

TRACK WITH THEM -

WILLARD

Chef - Is that cause you
like mangoes an stuff?

CHEF

No sir - I'm a real chef, sir -
I'm a sauciere -

WILLARD

A sauciere?

CHEF

That's right, sir - I come from
New Orleans - I was raised to be
a great sauciere - we specialize
in sauces - I was to go to Paris
and study with Escoffier - I was
saving the money - They called me
for my physical so I figured the
Navy had better food.

WILLARD

So what are you doing out here?

CHEF

They were gonna put me on an aircraft
carrier after cook school but that did it -

WILLARD

What do you mean?

CHEF

They lined us all up in front of a
hundred yards of prime rib - magnifi-
cent meat - beautifully marbled - the
best - they talked awhile, then they
started throwing it in these big cauldrons
- all of it - boiling - I looked in - it
was turning gray - I couldn't stand it -
I went to radio school.

They walk out into a slight clearing.

CHEF

(to himself)

Let's see - there was a big tree -
those mangoes were -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

WILLARD

(whispering)

Hey! - Quiet -

Chef crouches close - readies his M-16.

WILLARD:

(whispering)

Thought I heard something in there -

He points -

MED. SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE

PAN SLOWLY over jungle - end revealing Willard and Chef.

WILLARD.

(silent)

There -

He points - motions Chef to move away - they cover the spot - a few yards from them they HEAR something move - it is obviously no small jungle creature - They walk towards a patch of black elephant grass - their guns at the ready -

MED. SHOT ELEPHANT GRASS WILLARD CHEF

They move a step at a time - they HEAR the noise again - Suddenly there is a rushing SOUND - the grass folds down quickly towards them. Willard plants his feet and from the hip lets go full automatic - The Chef retreats firing short bursts into the grass - The grass folds almost to Willard - then a huge tiger leaps sideways almost over him - he fires pointblank into it as it crashes to the ground - he empties the clip into the thrashing, roaring beast - Chef screams firing wildly at it -

CHEF

It's a mother fucking tiger -
goddamn -

He turns and bolts through the jungle -

CHEF

(screaming)

Goddamn - Jesus Christ tiger -
mother fucking tiger - Chhhhhhh -

WILLARD

Chef!

(Cont.)

He is unable to stop as he runs back towards the boat howling maniacally. Willard jams a clip in his gun and backs out of the clearing covering the bushes and runs also -

FULL SHOT BOAT CREW

They all are armed - Lance has the twin 50's pointed into the jungle - Chef comes screaming out of the brush - throws his rifle into the boat and dives headfirst after it -

CHEF

(hysterical)

Ohhhhh - Tiger! -- oh goddamn! -
it's a tiger! - Jesus Christ! -
Goddamn - a tiger! Chhhhhhhh -

The Chief grabs him - takes his gun from him and grabs and shakes him. Willard follows from the jungle - The Chef just moans and stares into the night.

LANCE

What's this tiger shit?

WILLARD

That's right - I shot the hell out of him -

CHEF

Did you kill him?

CLEAN

Was a big tiger - no shit -

WILLARD

I didn't stop to measure - everybody around here heard that - so let's get our ass in gear -

CHEF

A mother fucking tiger - I could've been killed -

The engine roars to life - the boat pulls away -

CHIEF

You forgot the mangoes, didn't you?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

CHEF

I ain't going back - I
could've been killed - I'm
never going into that jungle
again - I gotta remember never
get out a the boat - never get
out a the boat.

They leave.

FULL SHOT P.B.R. HAU FAT CREW OTHERS

They pull up along the long loading docks at Hau Fat an advanced staging area for operations "Brute Force" and "Mailed Fist." Everywhere are tents - oil drums - sandbagged bunkers - helicopters - tanks - guns - men. Nobody builds advanced staging areas like the Americans. Evil-looking South Vietnamese troop squat by the river bank in outlandish camouflage suits. They brandish all manner of modern automatic weapons. These poor noble long-suffering people who have been put upon by the cruelties of modern war have the natural look of head hunters and cannibals - TRACK PAST them -

MED. SHOT CREW

Willard, the Chief and the others scan the busy surroundings.

CHIEF

Lance - I want you to go
with the Captain - an get three
extra drums of fuel and as much
50 caliber as you can scrounge -

LANCE

Yeah - Look -

He points.

LANCE

Look at those uniforms -

FULL SHOT PARADE GROUNDS TROOPS

A platoon drills in the hot hazy sun - they are clean and pale - just off the airplane -

(Cont.)

CHIEF

(o.s.)

Poor bastards have a long year to go -

The troops turn and march towards us with 6 weeks of
Advanced Infantry Training to back them up -

TROOPS

(yelling in cadence)

I want to be a Combat Ranger -

I want a go to Viet Nam!

I wanta be a Combat Ranger

I wanta kill some Viet Cong!

Another platoon crosses in front - doubletime -

OTHER PLATOON

Airborne! Blood and Guts!

Blood and Guts! - Airborne!

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT DOCK P.B.R. CREW

They are tying up at the dock - A young Sergeant is
filling out papers concerning them and talking with
Willard.

SERGEANT

(to Willard)

Yes - sir - I guess we can do
that for you, sir - You gonna stay
for the show -

WILLARD

What show?

SERGEANT

Big show in the parade grounds
this noon - some boss stuff -

WILLARD

This - Bob Hope or the like -

SERGEANT

No sir I think - this'll be a little
bit different -

- (CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

CHIEF

Where's it gonna be?

He points -

FULL SHOT PARADE GROUNDS PEDESTAL

A large well-built pedestal has been erected - this is surrounded by a deep moat filled with punji stakes and garnished with concertina wire. It is empty -

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT PARADE GROUNDS PEDESTAL TROOPS

The entire area around the pedestal and right up to the wire is mobbed with seething American fighting men. Some of these boys have just gotten here - others have been in the jungle for months - All have one thing in common - to see and if possible grab an American girl. Their need far surpasses that of the run-of-the-mill rapist, pervert, or child-molester. To counter their need of course are the moat, punji stakes and barbed wire - but implementing this are seven "riot control positions" - equipped with the latest in shotguns - teargas launchers - attack trained German Shepherds and assorted psychological warfare aids. Even so armed the great mass of wild men are right up to the wire. Suddenly the sound of rotors is heard - All heads turn skyward as four Hueys descend from the clouds. Three hover and circle while one descends onto the pedestal kicking up a lot of dust and general resentment. On the nose and doors are painted large Playboy rabbits. Finally the blades are trimmed and a strange silence descends over the men. The door of the copter slides partially open - two young Green Berets step out with M-16's to varied catcalls. When this abates a young extremely well-dressed man emerges. He is the epitome of a Hollywood agent. Hair is combed impeccably and free of dandruff - clothes are formal but hip - shoes are shined - Quite some dude - His presence causes some stirring but seems to strangely quiet the men. He walks over to microphone.

AGENT

I'd like to say hello from all of us to all of you out there - All of you who've worked so hard during Operation Brute Force - Paratroopers - Infantry - Airmen - Medics - Marines, and Sailors - And I want you to know that we feel proud of you and know how hard your job is -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

AGENT (Cont.)

To prove it - we've brought some entertainment we think you're gonna like - Terri Turee - playmate of the year and her two runners up Lynda Lane and Cathy Kennedy -

He pulls open the door and three unbelievably beautiful sexy playmates in fringed go-go outfits leap out and start dancing to the Credence Clearwater Revival singing Suzy Q.

MONTAGE GIRLS

Various shots as the girls dance in an incredibly erotic manner - smiling --

MONTAGE MEN

The faces of the G.I. pass - their jaws drop - some look almost horrified - Others salivate - a young marine mouths unspoken obscenities with sentimental tenderness. Others grab the air in front of them. With each movement their need increases by the square.

FULL SHOT PEDESTAL GIRLS MEN

They crush forward starting to scream - Men fall on the wire - The guards in the "riot control positions" forget - the attack trained dogs are trampled. The mob as one surges forward onto the wire - men scream and fall into the moat which is filling up fast. The agent sees this all as he has seen it before - He casually pulls the pin of a smoke grenade - the girls retreat into the copter - he follows then the two Green Berets. The rotors whine - the Huey lifts just as the first crazed men reach it - They grab frantically for the wheels but miss - The Huey wheels up into the blue sky leaving them all below - Such are the ways of war.

MED. SHOT P.B.R. CREW

Willard sits on the deck looking through files and plastic maps. The Chief steers the boat at speed. Chef and Clean talk behind the Chief.

- CHIEF

It's really too much - I mean I've collected every picture of her since she was Miss December.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

CLEAN

Yeah - you can really get hung up on them like the cat in the delta.

CHIEF

What cat?

CLEAN

One that went up for murder - he was a army sergeant -

CHIEF

I never heard about that -

CLEAN

Yeah - he really dug his Playboy mag man - I mean like he was there when it'd arrive - He just knew.

CHIEF

So what happened?

CLEAN

He was working A.R.V.N. patrols had one a them little cocky gook asshole Lieutenants - Anyway - the Lieutenant took his new issue one day - sat on the end of the dock and wouldn't give it back - The old sergeant got really worked up and the gook kept pulling rank - Told him to shut up or he'd have him court-martialed.

CHIEF

Yeah - typical A.R.V.N.

CLEAN

Then he went too far - he sat there and starts mutilating the centerfold - poking pins in her an all that - Sergeant says - Don't do her like that - You leave your shitty little hands off that girl - Gook Lieutenant says Fuck you in Vietnamese - Sergeant says - Don't do that again - you'll wish you hadn't - Then he stood up flicked his iron to rock and roll and gave the little zero a long burst through the Playboy mag. Man it blew him clean off the dock - Hell, just the magazine was floatin' there all full of holes -

CHIEF

They nail him for it bad -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

CLEAN

He's in the L.B.J. - Didn't give
him no medals or nothin' -

They all shake their heads at the cruel injustice of life
and the Chef rolls a joint.

CHIEF

Chef see what you can get on the
radio -

He fiddles with it - there's static - then a happy American
voice -

RADIO (o.s.)

- Must remember that we owe our thanks
for these to the wonderful services
of the U.S.O. - Here's another oldie -
this one dedicated to the fire team
at An Khe from their groovy C.O. Fred
the head - The Rolling Stones and
"Satisfaction" -

CHEF

Out a sight -

The song blares on - they all dig it - Willard sits on the
deck reading - PAN OVER to him and in so doing we reveal
Lance in the distance water skiing behind the P.B.R. -
slaloming back and forth on his single ski - jumping the
wake occasionally. An M-16 hangs around his neck. Willard
opens up a letter from the packet - We can see that it is
private correspondence - feminine writing on the envelope -

CLOSE SHOT LETTER

It is addressed to Lt. Col. Walter Kurtz - in the corner
is the return address of Mrs. Lt. Col. Walter Kurtz -
Willard's hand fishes through the packet and comes up
with a picture of a very straight but attractive thirty-
five year old woman - She has a very sincere and loving
look that thinly veils a lascivious sexuality - Somewhat
like a movie star of the fifties.

CLOSE SHOT WILLARD

He looks at the picture - puts it back, then opens the
letter - straightens it -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

WILLARD (o.s.)

Dearest Walt - I have to confess something - I know how you feel about this but I had to ask Bob to find out what he could - I just couldn't stand it anymore, not knowing where you are whether you're alive or dead. I'm sorry Walt - I'm sorry I said that. Bob didn't tell me anything - he said he couldn't - I can't stand it anymore Walt - I just can't stand it.

He looks out at the jungle -

FULL SHOT JUNGLE

Deep impenetrable jungle - dark and primeval forests pass by. The Rolling Stones chant on in the background.

WILLARD (o.s.)

- I have to take the kids to school every morning now - carpools just never work out - Jeff came home with a black eye on Tuesday but said he won anyway - He wouldn't tell me what the fight was about. Jeff keeps asking where you are - he has maps of Viet Nam in his room now. He misses you very much. I can't take this much longer Walt - I love you and I just can't stand it.

CLOSE SHOT WILLARD

He folds the letter up - looks up the river deep into the jungle.

CHIEF

Just how much past the bridge at Do Lung do we have to go?

WILLARD

Why?

CHIEF

Well, it's gonna be hot from tonight on in - and frankly, Captain - I've done a little research myself and nobody that I can talk to has been much past Do Lung -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

Willard just stares out into the jungle -

CHIEF

If I'm gonna risk my boat and my crew
I'd like to know how far -

WILLARD

(tough)

I can't tell you that, Chief - you
oughta know better -

The Chief looks at him hard.

CHIEF

That's the way you want it - sir -
I can take you to that bridge - but
it's gonna be hot -

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT P.B.R. CREW RAIN

Mr. Clean is in the foreground oiling and cleaning his
50-cal, his M-16 and M-79 - The rest of the crew are
forward taking shelter from the tropical downpour under the
canvas canopy. Clean works methodically under an umbrella
he has set up by leaning the surfboard against his gun mount.

CLEAN

What was that orange bird that Lance
shot at -

CHEF

It was a heron - type a heron anyway -

CLEAN

They good t'eat -

CHEF

Not very - depends how you season -

His words are cut short by stream of tracers that whip
between them - the sound following. Other bullets smash
through and ricochet off the deck fittings. Glass shatters.
Clean whips his gun around, clearing it as a huge hunk of
paint is removed from the armor shield by a 20 mm. cannon.

CHIEF

Lance -'bout 20 meters starboard -

WILLARD

Where the hell -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

CHEF

There in the trees -

Everything is confusion - yelling - gunfire - the thud of heavy bullets ripping into the P.B.R.'s fiberglass hull. The boat veers sharply accelerating away from us - Lance's gun returns fire - Clean swings his guns around but is blocked by the surfboard which is being ripped up by small arms fire. He jams it out of his way and fires the heavy guns

CLOSE SHOT LANCE

He fires his guns, turning in the mount - bullets smash and explode around him. Nobody quite knows where the fire is coming from.

CHIEF

Elevate Lance - In the tree - no,
I saw another one -

CHEF

Thirty meters or so up, Lance, I saw
the fucking flash -

Lance grits his teeth, firing -

CLOSE SHOT CLEAN

P.O.V. behind Clean - he blasts short bursts of tracers into the jungle, cutting it to salad. Suddenly, another gun opens up - we see the flash - Clean swings around - bullets smash against his shield and rip chunks from the surfboard. He blasts a long heavy burst at the flashes - trees crumble - we see small secondary explosions.

CLEAN

(to himself)

I'm ripping 'em man - Son of a bitch
rippin' 'em -

CLOSE SHOT WILLARD CHIEF

He is crouched by the armor plate near the Chief - who steers and accelerates erratically. Bullets smash around them - smoke drifts up.

WILLARD

(to Chef)

Throw me that ordnance -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

Chef throws him an M-79 and several shells - Willard opens it - jams a huge projectile in and pulls himself over the edge of the cockpit.

WILLARD

Turn back - give me some kind a field a fire -

Bullets rip by -

CHEF (o.s.)

Oh God -

LANCE

Let's get the hell out a here -

WILLARD

Bring that bow ordnance into those trees -

He jams his gun up as he sees a flash and fires - there is a low pop and a whistle as the grenade arches into the jungle.

CLOSE SHOT CLEAN

P.O.V. behind him. He fires another burst as the grenade explodes brightly. There is another pop and whistle - another blast - a large tree falls - we hear screaming. Clean pours fire in from his big fifty caliber guns - The screaming increases - hideous moans and terror filled cries of men dying painfully.

CLEAN

(to himself)

Out a sight -

CLOSE SHOT CHIEF

He jams the throttles forward - The boat surges ahead. Willard fires another grenade from his M-79.

FULL SHOT P.B.R.

The boat slams out across the river - firing back at the trees.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT P.B.R.

TWILIGHT

The boat moves ahead at half speed through a wide flat area in the river -

MED. SHOT DECK

Everybody sits around relaxed - knowing they're too far from the banks to be shot. They smoke pot and eat. Lance casually smokes a joint and looks at his gun. Splashes of paint have been blown away from the armor shield - Pieces of the deck are ripped and ragged around the mount. He notices Willard watching him.

LANCE

I could a been the tragedy of the Vietnam War - a dead surfer. That's the real tragedy of this war you know.

WILLARD

How you figure -

LANCE

I read it -

Clean comes up from below where he was working on the engine.

CLEAN

There ain't nothin' touched man - I don't know how - nothin' 'cept the food -

CHIEF

How much of it's left -

CLEAN

More than half at least - sure is a mess down there though -

CHIEF

Forget it for now - Lance, how much grass we got left -

LANCE

I got a lot a that stuff from Nha Trang - but we're running low on the other -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

Willard stands up pointing down the river -

WILLARD

Hey -

They all look over -

WILLARD

That's a light down there -

CHIEF

Yeah it is -

The Chef gets out a plastic map - Willard checks it with him -

WILLARD

Look for where it splits and goes around - yeah there it is -

CHIEF

What?

WILLARD

The rubber plantation I was telling you about - There's still supposed to be French nationals there - they may not be too friendly though -

CHIEF

Well, let's give it a try - we gotta patch these holes -

FULL SHOT

P.B.R.

DOCK

CREW

OTHERS

TWILIGHT

The P.B.R. pulls in slowly towards a dock with several figures on it. The figures pull back behind some empty drums and fire an automatic rifle. They stitch the water across the P.B.R.'s bow. Everyone crouches - guns trained on the dock. The Chief hands Chef a megaphone.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

CHEF

Nous sommes Americains -

Another burst - closer -

CHEF

Nous sommes Americains -
nous ne voulous pas vous
agresser -

Silence.

CHEF (cont.)

Nous sommes des amis -

There is still silence.

They drift closer to the dock. We can't see the French
behind the drums.

FRENCHMAN (o.s.)

Vous parlez francais comme un vache
espanol -

CHEF

(to himself)

I thought it was good myself -

CHIEF

What'd he say?

CHEF

Said I speak French like a Spanish
cow -

FRENCHMAN (o.s.)

Laisser comber vos armes -

CHEF

Put the guns straight up - stand
away from the mounts -

They do -

FRENCHMAN (o.s.)

Vous pouvez approcher mais doucement -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

CHEF

Take her in slow.

FULL SHOT DOCK DIFFERENT ANGLE

From behind the drums get up GASTON DE MARAIS about 50 - lean, hard, greying hair and moustache. He wears khaki safari clothes, bandoliers of ammunition and a red turban and flowing red silk scarf. With him get up his son, PHILLIPE, about 25 - strong and handsome save for a scar down the side of his face and through his left eye which is covered by a patch. He is dressed in a tiger suit and the red beret of the French colonial paratroops. Also of the red beret are HENRY LEFEVRE a bearded dark looking man of 35 and TRAN VAN KAC a middle-aged half-breed slave. They all bear automatic weapons and suspicion in their eyes. The boat pulls up to the dock.

PHILLIPE

Hands on the heads -

CHIEF

I can't steer with my god-damned feet -

CLEAN

Hey, they speak American -

GASTON

Who is the commanding officer?

CHIEF

I -

WILLARD

I am - I'm Captain B. L. Willard
173rd Airborne - this is Chief Warrant
Officer Phillips - it's his boat - we
were shot up bad down river and need
repairs and food - we can pay you in
gold.

GASTON

Phillipe -

Phillipe moves to another position - Kac grabs the rope
from the deck and ties it to the dock.

LANCE

I'll help you with -

PHILLIPE

Do not move -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

Gaston looks at the skyward pointed twin fifties admiringly

GASTON

Fifty calibers, eh, Captain -

WILLARD

As I said we can pay you in gold -

GASTON

Entirely unnecessary, Captain -

He puts down his gun - the others do likewise -

GASTON

We both have the same enemy - You are our guests -

He steps back -

GASTON

(majestically)

I am Gaston de Marais - this is my family's plantation - it has been such for 121 years. It will be such after I die - This is my son Phillipe - he has fought in Algeria and held the rank of Captain - and Henry LeFevre - a sergeant - He was at Dien Bien Phu - My personal servant - Tran Van Kac -

Then he motions to the trees. A young man in a tiger suit and three women come forward from different positions - All wear bush clothing and bear weapons.

GASTON

My youngest son - Christian -

CLOSE SHOT CHRISTIAN

He carries an M-60 machine gun in his hands - A belt of ammunition trailing off behind him -

GASTON (o.s.)

Christian's wife - Ann-Marie -

CLOSE SHOT ANN-MARIE

A tall girl good-looking but severe - She carries an M-16 -

GASTON (v.o.)

Gabriel - my wife -

CLOSE SHOT GABRIEL

A lean aristocratic woman - very sophisticated even in fatigues. About 40 carrying an AK-47 assault rifle.

GASTON (v.o.)

And my youngest daughter - Claudine.

CLOSE SHOT CLAUDINE

An attractive girl of about 18. She wears a red paratrooper beret and a well-fitted bush suit - she carries an M-79 grenade launcher and plenty of ammunition.

FULL SHOT P.B.R. CREW GASTON OTHERS

They stand there amazed. Phillipe yells in Vietnamese - about a dozen native men in tiger suits, heavily armed, walk out of the trees from all around them. They look the Americans over warily and assemble at Phillipe's command.

GASTON

We will attend to your repairs after dinner. I assume you will want to shower.

CHIEF

Shower - God damn -

WILLARD

We don't want to bother you any -

GASTON

A man of war is never bothered to aid an ally - You will follow me, Captain -

Willard steps off - then stops, reaches back and picks up his M-16 by the stock -

WILLARD

A habit of ours, sir - You understand -

GASTON

Of course, Captain - an unfortunate necessity.

The men feel relieved. They pick up their weapons and start to follow up the dock.

CHIEF

What about the boat?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

PHILLIPE

My men will keep it for you -

CHIEF

I think maybe I better -

WILLARD

It's all right Chief -

They look at each other a moment. The Chief shrugs and follows.

FULL SHOT PLANTATION HOUSE WILLARD, GASTON, OTHERS

Gaston stops - points to a sort of guest house off the main structure which is a typical jungle plantation house, save the many sandbagged gun emplacements and barbed wire everywhere.

GASTON

A suitable accommodation for your men,
Captain - you will of course be quartered
with us -

The Chief stops -

WILLARD

Go ahead -

Phillipe leads them on muttering.

GASTON

Captain -

Willard follows - they walk over past the house towards the jungle.

FULL SHOT CRATER GASTON WILLARD

They walk up to a huge crater 100 feet across and about 30 deep. The bottom is filled with water and young French and Vietnamese children swim in it. On the opposite rim sit two men and a woman with machine guns. Gaston strides up and looks down at the crater with pride.

GASTON

Magnificent, eh, Captain ?

Willard just looks -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

GASTON

It is very good - There is no current -
 It is very good - I have never seen one
 like it in all Indochina - I was in Paris
 when it arrived - do you know what might
 have caused -

WILLARD

Looks like a two thousand pound bomb to
 me - yeah a two thousand pound bomb -

GASTON

No - I have seen those in Normandy -
 this is much better -
 (pause)

My country - my country could never do
 something like this - magnificent.

INT. FULL SHOT DINING ROOM GROUP NIGHT

TRACK DOWN the long table covered with delicious food where
 all the men sit. Sergeant LeFevre is at the head. Behind
 a transparent silk curtain at another more elaborate table
 dine the deMarais family and Willard.

CHEF

Sergeant - do you think it would be
 possible that I could talk to your
 chef -

LEFEVRE

He speaks only Vietnamese -

CHEF

He does eh - he don't speak French and
 he cooked this meal - I'll be damned.

CHIEF

You like this you should see what the
 Captain's getting - gimme some more wine -

MED. SHOT TABLE WILLARD OTHERS

Willard sits uneasily near the head of the table near
 Gaston. The men stand as a very attractive woman of about
 30 enters and sits down next to Willard.

GASTON

Roxanne - I hope you are feeling better -

ROXANNE

Une petite mal de tete -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

GASTON

May I present Captain Willard - he is
of a paratroop regiment - Madame Sarraut -

ROXANNE

Captain -

He kisses her hand.

WILLARD

Enchante Madame -

She sits - there is an uneasy silence.

PHILLIPE

More wine, Captain -

WILLARD

No - no thank you - but I would like to
know more about that plaque as you were
explaining -

Phillipe turns around points to an elaborately scripted
wooden plaque - with various tallies on it.

CLOSE SHOT PHILLIPE.

PHILLIPE

Attacks repulsed - as I was saying -
(hard)

This is only for this war, Captain -
Viet Cong - 54 - North Vietnamese regular
forces - 15 - South Vietnamese - 28 -
regular forces and otherwise -

There is a long pause as he points to the last figure.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Americain - 6 - Of course they were
perhaps mistakes, Captain -

WILLARD

Of course -

PHILLIPE

Now if you will excuse me I must attend
to my men -

He gets up and leaves abruptly - followed by his wife.
The men in the other room are leaving.

WILLARD

Perhaps I better get on down -

(CONTINUED) —

(Cont.)

GASTON

I'm sure your men can repair their boat -
relax, Captain -

He sits back.

WILLARD

How do you expect to stay here?

GASTON

Captain?

WILLARD

You'll get blown out a here some day -

GASTON

Perhaps, Captain - you know after Dien
Bien Phu I visited Hanoi - It was I
think the summer of 1958. It was a
beautiful city Hanoi - far more beautiful
than Saigon. But the cafes, the shops -
the color of the people - it had all
turned grey. They were better fed, yes.
And they said they were happy - They
said that all the time - But everyone
was wearing grey. The fine restaurants
served corned beef from Russia - very
tasteless - These on the other side in
Saigon - petty gangsters, and you -
you just have more money - that is all.

He gets up and takes Roxanne's hand.

GASTON

Bon nuit, Roxanne - Bon nuit, Captain -

WILLARD

Bon nuit -

He turns and leaves. Willard and Roxanne are left in the
room alone. The servants clear the table.

ROXANNE

You must realize, Captain - we have all
lost much here - I, my husband. Gaston
his wife and son -

WILLARD

I'm sorry to hear that. It doesn't
change the fact that a beautiful woman
like yourself should be sitting in a
cafe in Paris - not here where she could
be blown to bits - and nobody can -
(pause)

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

ROXANNE
Nobody can what, Captain?

WILLARD
Well almost nobody can appreciate her.

He smiles - she smiles back.

ROXANNE
Thank you.

She gets up.

ROXANNE
Cognac?

WILLARD
I should be checking on the boat.

ROXANNE
The war will still be here tomorrow.

She walks out of the room.

WILLARD
I guess so..

He follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT SITTING ROOM WILLARD ROXANNE

They laugh - he sits back sipping his brandy.

ROXANNE
Then why did you sign up for another tour?

WILLARD
Oh I don't know - something about a good fire fight that gets to me I guess - I'm not ashamed to say it. I got nothing at home 'cept a Mach I Mustang - I got that when I re-upped for this tour - Drove it about a week is all.

She leans closer to him.

ROXANNE
You've never told me your first name, Captain.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

WILLARD

Sure I have - B.L.

ROXANNE

B.L.? What does it stand for?

WILLARD

Booger Lewis -

ROXANNE

Booger?

WILLARD

That's right - it's a family name -
 my mother Loretta T. Booger -
 Booger's a big family in Arkansas.

He smiles at her - she smiles back - they look at each other
 for a moment.

WILLARD

(getting up)

Well I guess I better get to sleep -
 I been up far too long for the last
 3 years - What room'd he want me t'take?

She stands up - They look at each other - she walks over
 and takes his hand - she leads him up the stairs - He carries
 his rifle.

FULL SHOT BEDROOM WILLARD ROXANNE

It is dark. She leads him into her room and closes the
 door. He just stands there. In the center of the room
 is a large canopied bed with mosquito netting hanging down
 over it. The windows also have netting and barbed wire -
 there is a machine gun mount in the far one. He looks
 around. She goes over to the bed and turns down the sheets.
 Then she slips out of her dress and stands there facing him.
 He puts down his gun and strips off his shirt. She lays
 down on the bed and watches him.

ROXANNE

It is often cold here at night, Captain

He starts over to her - he stops - turns around - goes back
 and picks up his M-16. He brings it over and leans it
 against the bed - then gets in.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SEPT WILLARD

MORNING

He sleeps soundly alone in the bed - we hear someone moving about in the room. He wakes suddenly - PULL BACK to reveal Roxanne combing her hair and buttoning up her blouse. She notices he is awake and smiles.

ROXANNE

I will fix you breakfast.

He starts to get up.

WILLARD

I'm afraid I won't have the time -
I gotta -

ROXANNE

When you reach the boat you will find
that half of your fifty calibre store -
a case of grenades, a mortar and two
M-16's and a case of clips have been
given to us by your order -

He stops stunned.

WILLARD

So that's it -

ROXANNE

You may think what you wish, Captain,
but I am a lonely woman and I like
you very much.

She turns to go.

WILLARD

And what if I say no?

ROXANNE

Phillipe will have to kill all of you.

She leaves.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT DOCK WILLARD OTHERS

He walks down on the dock. In the distance Gaston's
men are digging graves. Gaston and his sons stand on the

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

dock covering the Chief and crew with M-16's. He points to the graves.

GASTON

(only to Willard)

Someone was interested in your boat last night, Captain. I assume my daughter told you of our conditions.

WILLARD

Your daughter -

CHIEF

(yelling)

They took half our ammo, Captain - said you told 'em to -

He pauses for a second.

WILLARD

That's right - I did -

The Chief spits in the water disgustedly and starts the engines. Willard looks hard at Gaston.

WILLARD

I guess this is what men of war do - eh -

GASTON

We endure, Captain - you can blow up the house and we will live in the cellar - Destroy that and we'll dig a hole in the jungle and sleep in it. Burn the forest and we'll hide in the swamp. All the while we do but one thing - clean the blood off our bayonets -

(pause)

Au revoir Captain.

LONG SHOT

DOCK

P.B.R.

He climbs on the boat and it pulls away.

MED. SHOT P.B.R. WILLARD CHIEF

The boat roars out across the river. The Chief looks over at Willard. They stare at each other for a moment, hard.

CHIEF

Next time we get in a good fire fight - I'd like to know how she was, Captain -

WILLARD

You can cut that crap, Phillips - I'll pretend I didn't hear it - that clear?

CHIEF

Just somethin' to think about when we run out a -

WILLARD

(yelling)

That clear, Phillips -

He stands up holding his M-16 at his side.

PHILLIPS

Yes, sir -

Willard sits down again. Everybody has been watching and they go uneasily back to their business. Willard rummages through his pack.

CLOSE SHOT WILLARD

He takes out the letters and the picture of Kurtz's wife. Then he goes through some other pictures.

CLOSE SHOT PICTURES

There are several pictures of Kurtz - one as a young West Point cadet - another as a captain when he was teaching at the Point - still another with Kurtz as a newly trained Green Beret Major at Fort Bragg - his uniform is immaculate - his paratrooper boots shine brightly - he is the epitome of the spit and polish West Point image. A final picture shows Kurtz in battle dress - somewhat dirty but still much cleaner and sharper looking than the men around him. He and some other Green Berets are standing on a bunker talking to Gen. Westmoreland.

MONTAGE KURTZ

Kurtz's face evolves through the various stages of his life as represented in the pictures as Willard reads. Various SHOTS of Kurtz as a lieutenant.

WILLARD (v.o.)

Lt. Kurtz has shown a dedicated and well disciplined spirit in his duties. And what he lacks in originality he makes up for in efficiency.

Another picture of Kurtz in Germany standing next to the 161st Petroleum Supply Group sign.

WILLARD (v.o.)

Kurtz's capacity for combat leadership is adequate but I feel his strength lies in an administrative capacity.

Another picture of Kurtz standing with a group of other officers outside the Pentagon.

WILLARD (v.o.)

Though officers like Kurtz will never distinguish themselves in a spectacular fashion - they are necessary to give efficient support to those who will -

A shot of Kurtz at jump school.

WILLARD (v.o.)

I feel Major Kurtz's request for Special Forces training is highly unusual in regard to his past service record - though I heartily recommend it -

A CLOSE SHOT of Kurtz with Green Beret on in the Vietnam jungle. His face is blank and vacant. There is the look of a man confused and in change.

WILLARD (Cont. v.o.)

The unorthodox methods and stress on individual initiative will make Kurtz a far more well rounded officer and more suitable for a staff position.

PULL IN on Kurtz' empty eyes until the photograph is just a blurred mass of dots..

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT P.B.R. RIVER OUTPOST RAIN

The P.B.R. pulls in towards an American outpost that is being used as a forward medical evacuation center. Various helicopter pads are seen but only one helicopter - the one painted with Playboy rabbits that brought the girls to Hau Fat. Several soldiers in raincoats come out on the dock as the P.B.R. pulls up.

SOLDIER

Hi there -

CHIEF

Hello.

SOLDIER

How far you goin' - I never seen one a these boats up here before -

CHIEF

Never been up here before - We're going to Do Lung - maybe further - why?

The soldiers seem disappointed.

SOLDIER

Oh that's okay then forget it.

CHIEF

Forget what?

SOLDIER

Well we thought maybe if you were coming back you could take someone down river for us - It's okay though.

CHIEF

Well we'll be back in a couple of days probably.

One soldier looks at him like he must be crazy - the other just with a pitying stare one would give a man on his way to the gallows.

SOLDIERS

It's okay.

They leave.

LANCE

Wonder what the hell - hey wasn't that the same helicopter that we saw -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

CHIEF

Sure looks like it -

CHIEF

Don't get hot and bothered - they took anything you'd be looking for out a there long ago - now let's get up there an' see what kind of ammunition we can scrounge -

WILLARD

I'll take care of that, Mr. Phillips - you just get some food and tend to this engine.

They all look up at him sharply.

CHIEF

Yes, sir.

He swings out onto the dock and walks up the muddy bank.

CLEAN

You gonna get mud in those guns if you don't cover 'em up - Never can tell when you might have to use 'em.

They all look at each other - then back at Willard as he disappears off among the tents.

MED. SHOT WILLARD, SOLDIERS

Willard looks into some empty tents - looks around the dreary muddy camp. Two soldiers pass.

WILLARD

Soldier - where's your C.O.?

SOLDIER

Stepped on a bocby trap, sir - got blown all to hell -

WILLARD

Well who's in command here?

SOLDIER

I don't knw - don't have any idea - I'm just the night man -

He turns and walks off babbling incoherently -

WILLARD

What about you, soldier?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

The soldier he was talking to turns around smiling idiotically and making animal noises. He stumbles off after his friend.

MED. SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE WILLARD

He looks around disgustedly.

VOICE

(whispering o.s.)

Captain -

Willard turns around looking for where the voice came from.

VOICE

Over here, Captain -

He turns to see the Hollywood agent under the flap of a large tent so that he won't get wet. He wears the same clothes as before but is much dirtier. He motions Willard into the tent.

INT. MED. SHOT TENT WILLARD, AGENT

They duck inside - it is dark and damp. On cots around a stove sit the three playmates and the pilot. The nearest one, Cathy, a blond, picks leeches out of her feet. The other two, Terri and Lynda, play cards with the helicopter pilot. Willard looks over the situation.

AGENT

You came in on that boat, didn't you?

WILLARD

Yeah -

AGENT

Where are you headed?

WILLARD

What's it matter? Get to the point.

AGENT

Look - you know the girls - That's Terri Turee - she was playmate of -

WILLARD

Yeah I caught your show at Hau Fat.

They all look over.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

AGENT

Oh - I see - Well girls this is
Captain - eh -

WILLARD

Captain Willard - go ahead.

AGENT

Look - we got in a little trouble
- they rudely took our helicopter
for Medovac work on this - uh
Operation Brute Force - They just
brought it back this morning.

WILLARD

Yeah.

AGENT

Well I mean like they also took
our fuel - We've been here two days.

WILLARD

Dreadful.

AGENT

Look - the girls could get killed
- we're not supposed to be this
close to combat I mean real combat.

WILLARD

Well -

AGENT

We could use some fuel - just a
half drum - just enough to get us
out a here.

WILLARD

We need all our fuel.

He turns and starts to leave.

AGENT

But, Captain, think what these girls
have done for the boys - think of
how they've risked -

Willard is almost out of the tent.

TERRI

Captain -

He turns around.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

TERRI

It's really rough here - Captain -
we're just not built for it -

The pilot laughs.

PILOT

That's rich -

TERRI

Do us a favor - I'd do one for you
- if I could -

Willard just stares at her - even though she's in jeans and
field jacket she is something to see - The agent takes
Willard aside - Terri goes back to the others.

AGENT

- Look - you know who that is, Cap-
tain - you know what she's saying
- you'll never see stuff that good
outside of a magazine for the rest
of your life.

WILLARD

I'm not that fond of blonds - maybe
I like brunettes -

AGENT

Take your pick - they all like you
- I can tell -

WILLARD

I like all of them -

AGENT

Good - like I said take your pick.

WILLARD

I said I like all of them.

AGENT

Now just a second - I'm doing you
a favor, buddy - what're you trying
to pull?

Willard turns to leave again.

WILLARD

We need all our fuel anyway.

AGENT

Wait - wait - don't get up tight -
what I meant was we'd need a whole
drum for that -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.2)

WILLARD

Sit down - we'll talk about it..

Willard sits down on a metal chair - motions the agent to do likewise.

AGENT

What's there to talk about - this whole thing disgusts me.

WILLARD

My men -

AGENT

What!

WILLARD

That's what there is to talk about - my men - I take good care of my men -

The girls are trying to pretend they're not listening - the helicopter pilot is cackling to himself.

AGENT

You're out of your skull -

WILLARD

We have a lot of pride in our unit -

AGENT

How far do you think you can push - what kind of people do you think -

WILLARD

Esprit de corps -

AGENT

No - absolutely not -

WILLARD

One for all - all for one -

AGENT

You can keep your fucking fuel -

Willard gets up.

WILLARD

You make some of your closest friends in the army - war has a way of bringing men together.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.3)

AGENT

Get out -

WILLARD

Men of all races - nationalities -

He gets up and starts out.

AGENT

Two drums -

Willard turns around slowly.

AGENT

Two whole drums -

WILLARD

We can use some fifty caliber and
a 16 too -

AGENT

I don't know what you're talking
about - Get fucked -

WILLARD

I will - I assure you a that -

Willard gets up and starts out -

WILLARD

You got a fifty on that Huey --leave
the ammo in boxes - I'll get my men
to bring the first drum with 'em -

He turns to go under the tent flap.

WILLARD

Have the girls freshen up a bit -
ccmb their hair - put on something -
you know what I mean -

He leaves.

FULL SHOT P.B.R. CREW

They are all working on patching the boat and cleaning it
up in general. Mr. Clean sits in foreground, cleaning an
M-16.

CLEAN

You keep this thing is this condi-
tion an' it's gonna jam, Lance -
mark my words.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

LANCE

Why don't you go pet the water
buffaloes - get off my back.

Behind them on the beach stand several water buffaloes eating mud or whatever they do. They are painted jungle brown and green camouflage with grey bottoms - on their sides the words have been stenciled in black:

1 Each -
Buffalo Water B-1A
U.S. Army No. 15239

Willard walks through them down to the boat.

CHIEF

Careful, Captain, they've been
known to charge.

WILLARD

All right I got a little surprise
for you -

They all look up.

WILLARD

I've arranged with those people
we saw at Hau Fat to give us some
50 caliber in trade for a couple
a drums of fuel -

CHEF

No shit.

WILLARD

Chef - since you're such a fan of
Miss December's I think you should
be detailed with Lance and Clean
to take the first drum up there.

CHEF

I don't believe you -

CHIEF

What're you trying to say, Captain -

WILLARD

You'll see soon enough - get going,
sailor -

CHIEF

No shit - hot damn -

LANCE

I want the blond -

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TENT MED. SHOT LYNDA, CHEF

He has followed her into the tent and struck - she casually starts unbuttoning her fatigue jacket and taking off her pants. He just stands there, his arms at his sides.

CHEF

I've got every one of your pictures
- I've got the centerfold - the Play-
mate's review - the Playmate of the Year
run-off - everything even the calendar -

LYNDA

Well get undressed and let's get it
over with -

CHEF

I can't believe it - I'd a never even
got to see you if it wasn't for this war -

She lies down on the cot in only her panties.

CHEF

You wouldn't mind - uh kinda draping
that jacket over you sort of the way
you were in the calendar would you?

LYNDA

Come on - cut this crap - I gotta
get back to Saigon -

CHEF

Just let me look awhile - I just
don't believe -

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSE SHOT TENT LANCE, CATHY

They have just finished making love. Cathy looks very
pleased. Lance finishes tying his boots - she draws on his
back. He gets up - starts to leave.

LANCE

Well - uh thanks - see you around.

CATHY

Yeah

He leaves - she pulls herself up and starts combing her
hair - Mr. Clean walks in.

CATHY

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

CLEAN

I'm next -

She shrugs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MED. SHOT TENT WILLARD TERRI

He finishes tying on his boots - pulls on his jacket - his gun belt and picks up his M-16. She looks up at him -

WILLARD

Ma'am - I'd like to thank you for what you an all your friends have done for us - I want you to know that me an the men appreciate you coming all this way - riskin' your lives - living uncomfortably an doing all you can to entertain us. I want you to know personally Miss Turee that for the past few minutes you have made me feel at home.

She picks up a shoe to throw at him. He turns, exits foreground.

WILLARD

Just wanted to say that ma'am.

The shoe CLANGS off his helmet.

FULL SHOT P.B.R. CREW RAIN

They carry Willard running down the muddy slope to the boat singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" - Of course they slip and all slide down the slope to the water's edge laughing.

CLOSE SHOT CHIEF WILLARD

They are covered with mud. It rains hard.

CHIEF

I guess I got something to tell you Captain.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

WILLARD

It's okay, Chief - but when we get
in a firefight an don't have the
fuel to get out we'll both have
something to tell -

They smile.

CHIEF

You're on.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT P.B.R. WILLARD

Willard leans against the armor-plate of the P.B.R. - the
jungle passes behind him. Everyone now wears full battle
gear and are ready for anything. Willard takes another
file from his packet.

CLOSE SHOT FILE

On the cover is the title:

Capt. Richard Colby
Executive Officer
F-82 Nu Mung Dung

He opens it - some pictures immediately fall out - he
catches them - typical snapshots of Colby and his wife
and two little girls - other pictures of Colby in Germany
with the 10th Armored Division prior to Green Beret
training. Letters - written in a feminine hand always
ending with "all my love" or "I love you so much" -
he files through these quickly and gets to a peculiar
envelope stamped Top Secret with a stenciled date on it.
It is also noted that this was the last correspondence
to leave Nu Mung Dung. It is addressed to Colby's wife.
He opens the letter - it is written in a scrawled savage
hand to no one in particular. It reads:

Sell the house
Sell the car
Sell the kids
Find someone else
Forget it
I'm never coming back
Forget it -

He folds up the letter.

CLOSE SHOT WILLARD

He looks out at the jungled mountains.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT P.B.R. DO LUNG BRIDGE

NIGHT

The P.B.R. edges in towards a wrecked bridge in the distance - Along the banks as they pass are sandbagged fortifications with U.S. soldiers in them. There is a bright fire burning uncontrolled in the distance - probably an ammo dump. As we near the bridge we see that another pontoon structure is being built underneath. Everywhere are wrecked boats - parts of trucks sticking out of the water - smashed helicopters on the banks. The bridge is in a state of siege. Mortars and rockets are through the night indiscriminately and rip through the nearby jungle. Soldiers are everywhere - scurrying from trenches, carrying materials for the bridge or tending to the wounded, the maimed and the dead. Light automatic weapons fire is HEARD occasionally. The P.B.R. edges in under the span of the old bridge. Soldiers run up through the water. They are obscured in the darkness.

SOLDIER

I gotta get out a here - I'll pay -
I got money.

CHIEF

Get away from this boat.

WILLARD

Who's your C.O., soldier?

The soldier ducks back and runs away.

SOLDIER

Fuck you, you'll get what's coming
to you.

Other men approach the boat. A young LIEUTENANT steps forward.

LT.

Captain Willard?

WILLARD

That's me.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

LT.

Captain Willard - we got these from
Nhã Trang two days ago - they expected
you here then -

He hands up a plastic bag, maximum security markings.
Willard takes it.

LT.

(continuing)

You don't know how happy that makes
me, sir.

WILLARD

Why?

LT.

Now I can get out a here - if I can
find a way out.

WILLARD

We'll be needing some supplies and
fuel - do you know anybody who can
give me a hand?

LT.

I'd just clear out as soon as I could
if I were you, sir. They're gonna start
working on the bridge with torches again.
Charlie will start throwing it in hard -

WILLARD

What is this bridge?

LT.

It's of strategic importance for keeping
the highway into Bat Shan open - the
generals don't like to admit that Bat
Shan is surrounded.

He points to the men getting ready to work.

LT.

Every night we build it and by
0800 they've blown it up - it
and a lot of good men - But the
generals like to say the road is
open - ha! Nobody uses that road
except Charlie.

He turns and splashes off into the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

LT.

This is the cesspool of hell.

SOLDIER (o.s.)

Incoming.

Shells WHISTLE over and crash into the bridge - men scream in the distance - the explosions are thunderous.

CHIEF

(yelling)

All right - Lance go with the Captain
and see what you can scrounge -

Willard climbs out with Lance.

CHIEF

(to Willard)

Better make it fast sir - we don't
really need much anyway.

Willard nods and they scurry off up the bank under the
bridge.

MED. SHOT WILLARD, LANCE

They dash up the embankment and along the barbed wire
on the edge of the road. Shells SCREAM overhead, they
don't know where to run.

VOICE

Straight ahead son of a bitch.

They dive towards the voice.

CLOSE SHOT TRENCH

They dive in, a soldier is crouched in f.g. holding his
buddy who is crying uncontrollably.

SOLDIER

You came right to it son of
bitch -

WILLARD

Son of a bitch, sir.

The soldier doesn't respond.

WILLARD

Where's your chief supply officer?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

SOLDIER
Beverly Hills -

WILLARD
What?

SOLDIER
Straight up the road - a concrete
bunker - Beverly Hills - where else
you think he'd be?

WILLARD
C'mon -

There is an apparent lull and they dash out along the road. Suddenly to their right an M-60 starts opening up from a sandbagged emplacement.

SOLDIER (o.s.)
Get your asses down, buddy.

They drop and crawl to the slit trench and run up to the emplacement. Several soldiers man an M-60. One has a sniper rifle - another tries to spot for the gunner. Willard and Lance edge up along the trench. Willard trips.

VOICE (o.s.)
Watch your feet, asshole -

Willard looks down.

VOICE (o.s.)
You stepped on my face.

LANCE
We thought you were dead.

VOICE (o.s.)
The whole world loves a smart ass.

They move ahead more carefully. The gunner blasts away into the night, there is a pile of brass cases about three feet high next to him. Finally he stops swearing to himself.

WILLARD
What're you shooting at soldier?

GUNNER
Gooks.

He turns and sees it's an officer.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

GUNNER

I'm sorry, sir.

WILLARD

It's all right sergeant - what's out there?

GUNNER

They were tryin' to cut through the wire - I got 'em all I think.

OTHER SOLDIER

On yeah - listen.

There is a low moaning scream from out in the wire - it stops for a minute then continues hideously.

GUNNER

-- He's trying to call his friends - send up a flare.

The spotter does, it arcs up, then bathes them in eerie light. The gunner fires a long BURST.

SPOTTER

Those are all dead stupid, he's obviously underneath 'em -

They think about this as the flare goes out. The SCREAMING gets more intense.

GUNNER

Wake up the Roach.

The spotter moves down to where a tall lanky soldier is leaned up against the trench. He kicks him hard several times. Roach wakes and just looks up. On his helmet are the words: "GOD BLESS DOW."

ROACH

Yeah, man.

SPOTTER

Slope in the wire - hear him.

He listens, he does, he nods.

SPOTTER

Bust him.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.2)

Roach gets up somewhat annoyed but very cool. He saunters up to the machine gun dragging his M-79 which has paisley designs all over it.

GUNNER

Hear him.

ROACH

Sure, yeah.

GUNNER

You need a flare -

ROACH

No, it's cool.

He opens the breach of his shotgun-like weapon and plunks the big slug into it. He SNAPS it closed then rests it across his forearm over the trench - he listens to the scream, calculating.

ROACH

He's close - real close.

He adjusts his sights so that the gun is aimed high into the air. He listens again then fires. The grenade WHISTLES off into the night. There is a sharp explosion that cuts off the scream. Then the thud of bodies or pieces of bodies coming down around them.

ROACH

Muhhhh Fuhhhh...

He staggers back down the trench to go to sleep.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT P.B.R. BRIDGE CLEAN CHEF

They stand in the shallows waiting for Willard and Lance. Clean is nervous, he constantly checks his M-16. Shell's WHISTLE by and crash in the distance.

CHEF

Geez, I wish they'd hurry.

A soldier comes up on his way with some others to start building the bridge.

SOLDIER

Hey buddy, that boat still runs, eh?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

CLEAN

Yeah, it still runs.

SOLDIER

Do me a favor buddy, please.

CLEAN

What is it?

He takes out a handful of crumpled envelopes.

SOLDIER

Send these out when you get back to the world.

He puts them in Clean's hand.

SOLDIER

It's to everyone I really knew - the first girl I screwed - my brother - best friend - I wanted to tell 'em how much I enjoyed knowing 'em - it's been a great 20 years. I gotta let 'em know.

CLEAN

What're you askin' me for - put 'em in the first helicopter comes in tomorrow.

SOLDIER

Nobody comes in here.

He points up at the mountain ridges..

SOLDIER

The N.V.A. 312th - over there the 307th - on that hill we counted 14 different guns in one minute - they got rockets, mortars, snipers in those trees, there's a million a those shitty little bastards out there - we're all gonna die.

He grabs Clean and looks at him with a maniacal urgency.

SOLDIER

I'm gonna be dead.

Clean takes the letters.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

SOLDIER

You got a chance in that boat - by morning you could be 5 miles down the river.

CLEAN

We ain't goin' down the river.

The soldier looks at him as if he is joking.

CLEAN

What's up river from here anyhow -

The soldier doesn't answer, just stares dumbfounded.

SOLDIER

Spooky.

CLEAN

Charlie?

SOLDIER

No, it'd be spooky without the war - give 'em back.

He takes his letters and leaves somewhat disappointed and disgusted. Willard and Lance come back down the beach carrying some belts of ammunition and a couple of extra M-16's.

CHIEF

Wow you must a found the C.O., eh?

WILLARD

We found some bodies - let's get out a here.

FULL SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE P.B.R.

The edge through the shallows as the men light up their welding torches to start work on the pontoon bridge - then pull away and accelerate fast.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT P.B.R. CREW

The Chief is at the helm - they all look back in the distance where the bridge was - the hills flash with artillery discharges - there is a fiery glow from the bridge area and the concussion of heavy explosions.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT P.B.R. RIVER CREW

The river has narrowed and runs swifter - the water dark and deep. The trees are higher in this area and much of the river is shaded on one side. There is no undergrowth - just the tall trees and ferns. One can see back through the deep green shadows several hundred yards. They move ahead at half speed - alert - ready for anything.

LANCE

It was lucky we got out a there -
they'd of made me the tragedy of
this war -

CHIEF

Yeah - sure - hey, how come you
didn't evade the draft anyway -
All your friends got out - Huh?

LANCE

My head was clouded by passion.

CHIEF

No - not you - not the great Malibu
stud -

LANCE

That's right - I fell hopelessly
in love - she left me and I wanted
to kill myself -

WILLARD

So why'd you join the navy?

LANCE

Good food -

They all shake their heads in disgust and start to turn
back to their business.

LANCE

She was a high school cheerleader -
she was older than me - I used to look
at her when she was a senior - I was in
the tenth grade - She used to go around
with the class president or some famous
jock - We'd hear stories about somebody
getting her bra off at some party. Man
it was the end of the world. I'd just
think about running my hand up her thigh.
Nobody could be that lucky.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

Everyone has drawn in closer, concerned with Lance's story.

LANCE (cont.)

Her skin was always tan and really smooth, she had the most incredible legs.

CHIEF

But Lance I thought you were a famous dude -

LANCE

That was later - nobody cared about surfing then - it was all cars.

CHIEF

Well what happened?

LANCE

Well I got to know her sort of, just friends. She graduated and I never heard about her. I became a great surfer. They had my picture on the cover of Reef magazine doing a cut-back on about a 4 foot wave at Rincon.

CHIEF

Go ahead.

LANCE

Well, she called me - wanted to know how I was and how I did all these exciting things - you know cut-backs and shit. She said she was married and didn't dig it. I later found out it was the basketball star - he had a Corvette and now he sold insurance. Hell, I didn't know what I was doing - she was my dream, man. She wanted to see me sometime. She worked at I.B.M. We got together on her lunch -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

LANCE (cont.)

hour - she had this leather mini-skirt on- I put my hand on her legs, she really got turned on - we got in my van and did all kinds a things to each other -

CHEF

What - what'd you do?

LANCE

She had the most fantastic body - really slim stomach - perfect legs- great tan -

WILLARD

Was she as good as you thought?

LANCE

Probably better - we'd meet during her lunch; drive to the beach - it was a great life. I even liked her husband - he wasn't a bad guy - anybody with a wife like that can't be all bad -

CHIEF

Well what happened?

LANCE

One day she called me - said she couldn't make it - I didn't see her for awhile - she never called back - Finally I heard from mutual friends that she had split from her husband and was living with an actor in T.V. commercials and his agent - What a bummer - Nam was my only choice.

CHIEF

Shit Lance - that's terrible - don't ever tell me about it again -

CHEF

Yeah - at least they tried to draft me -

Willard looks out ahead and points.

WILLARD

Look!

They all turn their guns in that direction. PAN to reveal a small village of huts along the bank.

FULL SHOT VILLAGE DIFFERENT ANGLE

P.O.V. boat - They pass in front of the village which is run down and completely deserted. The huts are on stilts to avoid the flooding of the river - they are just skeletons of what they once were.

CHEF (o.s.)

Flood -

CHIEF (o.s.)

No - most of em are still standing -
might've been disease -

WILLARD

I don't know - there'd still be some sign -
it's just like the one this morning.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT JUNGLE P.O.V. BOAT

The canopy of trees grows taller and stretches out across the river filtering the sun. The forest itself has grown darker and more twisted with ferns and creepers. Strange birds fly out of the trees as the boat passes - a huge snake slips along an overhanging limb. The depth of the jungle is dark, ominous yet cool and strangely inviting.

FULL SHOT BOAT

NIGHT

The Chief is steering carefully - Everyone has their hand on a trigger - It is very dark as the moonlight is shut out by the trees.

MONTAGE CLOSE SHOTS FACES

Various SHOTS of the men's faces tense and scared - listening to the jungle noises - jumping at the SOUND of movement in the brush - they all glide by on the dark waters framed by the impenetrable dark forest.

MED. SHOT BOAT CREW

The Chief is trying to look ahead - he SEES something and stops the motors.

CHIEF

There's something on the bank up there -

(Cont.)

CLEAN
Searchlight?

WILLARD
Go ahead -

CHIEF
Lance - cover him tight -

MED. SHOT BANK

It is pitch dark except for where the light illuminates tangled brush and the dark moss and roots leading down to the water.

CHIEF
Little to the left -

CLEAN
Now up -

The light goes up catches something as it passes.

CHIEF
No - too far - down easy -

The light settles back down and suddenly REVEALS a human skull on a post. It grins hideously in the garish light, long hair hanging from it. Below forming the base of the post is a pile of skulls stained a light crimson.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT P.B.R. RIVER DAWN

The skull looms in the foreground - the P.B.R. is pulled back about seventy yards - Early morning mist still hangs on the water as it clears we SEE another post and skulls on the opposite bank. It is strangely quiet.

CHIEF
Yeah it's the same - exactly the same -
All right Lance -

Lance's twin fifties split the silence as they pour into the skulls on the opposite bank - Suddenly there is a tremendous EXPLOSION and secondary ones from the jungle as shrapnel rips into the jungle and water from Claymore mines obviously set to cover the mound of skulls. The smoke clears.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

LANCE

The other one -

WILLARD

No - leave it -

CHIEF

Why - Charlie put it there to kill -

WILLARD

That's not Charlie's work -

There is silence.

WILLARD

Whoever put 'em there didn't do it
to kill people - They put em up as
signs -

CHIEF

Signs?

WILLARD

Yeah - like keep out -

Willard motions - the Chief accelerates - they move ahead past
the smoking mound.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT P.B.R.

Everyone is really tense now - Lance swivels his guns from
bank to bank - Chief keeps his fingers on an M-16. Willard
looks into the packet he received at Do Lung. PULL IN on him.

WILLARD (v.o.)

Upon completion of assignment - break
radio silence Com Sec Command Code -
Strong Arm - Immediate support of your
operation available - Code - Street Gang -

CHIEF

Hey!

They all look up - PULL BACK -

LANCE

(looking ahead)

Yeah - I see it -

Chief steers looking straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

CHIEF

Don't make any quick movements - wait
for a clearing -

WILLARD

Where are they?

CHIEF

All around us Captain -

He looks out into the deep green undergrowth - PAN TO reveal
a flash of something metallic then on closer examination dark
obscure shapes are seen scurrying in the distance.

CLOSE SHOT WILLARD

He looks to the other side - the same shapes - more of them -
these far in the jungle but moving along with the boat show-
ing no regard for concealment. Branches crack - birds SCRIBBLE
occasionally. Willard HEARS Clean work the bolt of his fifty
- He spins around -

WILLARD

Forget it - They could a cut us to
hamburger ten minutes ago - just keep
still -

The boat moves ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE P.B.R. DUSK

The boat glides along through the late shadows - we can
plainly HEAR the footsteps and rustle of many men moving in
the bush. Suddenly the boat emerges into a large clearing.
The water is still and the trees are cut back several hundred
yards. The river widens and there is a beach forming into a
trail that leads up a hill. On top of this silhouetted
against the sky stand ominous stone lions - The fort at Nu
Mung Dung.

FULL SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE

They edge the boat up to a cumbering dock - looking around -
no one is visible - there is no sign of human life whatever.

WILLARD

Tie her up and leave your guns up.

(Cont.)

LANCE

You're crazy.

WILLARD

Do what I said.

They hesitate.

CHIEF

Go ahead.

They do.

WILLARD

Bring your rifles.- that's all.

They shut off the engine get down off the boat and follow Willard along the crumbling dock and up the beach.

MED. SHOT CREW

They look around them into the jungle expecting at any second to feel the final bullet. They edge up the slope with Willard.

LOUDSPEAKER (o.s.)

Stop -

They do.

LOUDSPEAKER (o.s.)

Throw down your weapons.

Willard does - they follow. There is a moment of silence - waiting - The Chief points - PAN AROUND the trees as suddenly men appear where a moment before was only jungle. They are mostly Montagnards but far more savage looking than any we have ever seen. They wear only loincloths and bandoliers of ammunition - their bodies are painted in strange patterns - They carry army M-16's, Russian AK-47's and a wide variety of knives and clubs - Women emerge from the brush as well - they are armed and equally primitive looking. Interspersed among them are few taller men with paler skin - some of these wear strange clothing - scarfs and skins and the paint on their bodies is if anything more bizarre - PAN ACROSS the entire group to the great stone gates of the fort where thirty or so more are seen silhouetted against the sky. Willard and his men look upon a people more primitive and more savagely barbaric than any seen since the time of Captain Cook.

MED. SHOT WILLARD, CREW DIFFERENT ANGLE

They are speechless - Suddenly from the gates comes a procession of savage soldiers - At their center stride several tall men who were once Americans. Most notable of these is a tall powerful man wearing a tattered green beret, flak jacket and loincloth - He strides up covered by the others and we SEE he bears the rank of Colonel on his beret. We can barely recognize him from the pictures but it is unmistakably KURTZ.

KURTZ

So this was to be my end -

WILLARD

We were hit bad down river - we need supplies and medical help - I'm Capt. Willard 4th -

KURTZ

(loud)

Silence - - - I know who you are -
My ears cannot stand to be assailed by
the sound of lies - -

(softer)

Of course I would normally deal with
petty dishonesty by cutting out your
tongue - letting you scream out your
pain as a whistle.

He strides around looking Willard over.

KURTZ

But you - you are not of normal stature -
Assassin!

He turns to the others -

KURTZ

Your lackeys - bind them -

They are seized and bound struggling.

KURTZ

You - will come with me assassin -
You see I have waited for you a long
time -

He turns and starts up the hill - Willard hesitates and is shown the way by a gun butt to the ear.

MED. SHOT GATE KURTZ OTHERS

Willard is led along by Kurtz's sergeants - Kurtz strides ahead - pats the head of a young child that waits at the gate with her parents, chewing on a human hand.

WILLARD

My men - what're you --

KURTZ

They will be kept in my dungeons till
God has made my decision.

WILLARD

To kill us -

KURTZ

Or convert you - Look - these gates are
two thousand years old - the stone is only
hardened by the sun - the metal of your
machines will rust and return to the earth
before these rocks grow a shade darker.

WILLARD

You're mad -

KURTZ

You would think that at first -

He leads the way into an inner parade ground of sorts - everywhere squat savage natives. Skulls - shrunk and otherwise hang from every hut - adorn every sandbagged bunker - dried scalps hang from barbed wire. Kurtz stops and looks Willard over.

KURTZ

A captain - paratrooper - no doubt you've
done your time on Long Range Reconnaissance -
then the agency approached you - perhaps
in a bar at Qui Nhon or Plieku - It was
simple wasn't it - a year's pay for one or
two lives - nobody's orders but your own -
exciting work - the blood lust must run
strong in you Captain.

WILLARD

I don't know what you're talking about -

KURTZ

I admire your tenacity Captain but it
comes only from practice - and it has been
easy for you to be a falcon among sparrows -
Do not bore me any longer with your petty
military heroism - courageous men's heads
are placed at my feet every day -

(Cont.)

They continue past a mound where the shattered wreck of half a helicopter is laying. It has been altered and fortified with sandbags and concertina wire. The wreck lays on its side so that a 7.62 mini-gun that was mounted there sticks up above the sandbags. The emplacement is built on a mound so that the gun commands a clear field of fire into the jungle beyond the walls. CAPTAIN COLBY sits near the gun - he is barely recognizable because of his beard and long hair. Several young Montagnard girls giggle at his feet and play with bayonets.

WILLARD

(whispering)

Colby.

Kurtz sees this - smiles.

KURTZ

The assassin recognizes you Captain
Colby -

(to Willard)

Now at least I will be spared your puny
lies - You will be silenced by what your
eyes behold nevertheless.

FULL SHOT WALL KURTZ WILLARD

Kurtz leads Willard along the top of a huge thick wall - sandbagged and dug out every so often for an M-60 or a mortar emplacement. Wild looking savages man these guns and bow and praise Kurtz as he passes.

KURTZ

Triple overlapping fields of fire -
walls so thick that ordinary artillery
merely cleans the moss from their surface.

A woman rushes up to Kurtz and on her knees grasps his hand and kisses it. He reaches down imperiously and strokes her hair. She smiles as if healed and blessed and runs back to her bunker.

WILLARD

Impressive Colonel - incredible.

KURTZ

The lion takes long strides but the path
is worn smooth by pygmy armies.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT TEMPLE KURTZ WILLARD

Kurtz strides up to remains of the ancient Temple - he motioned and ten armed men move the heavy gate aside leading to a dark interior chamber - Kurtz motions Willard to look in.

KURTZ

Marijuana - Hash-Hish - Opium -
Cocaine - Un-cut Heroin - The gold of
the Orient - enough there to buy four
divisions.

WILLARD

How?

KURTZ

The spoils of war -

With a sweeping gesture of his hand he indicates that the door should be closed and leads Willard out. They emerge into an area surrounded by huts - in front of them several emaciated prisoners are chained to rocks - a guard squats nearby with an M-16 - Kurtz leads Willard up to the prisoners - they don't bother looking up. One is dead.

KURTZ

(to a Sergeant)

This one is dead - Have the jailer remove
the body - it can be fed to the old
people on the north wall -

Willard turns his head in revulsion - Kurtz notices - laughs to Sergeant.

KURTZ

It must be the heat -

Willard looks back.

WILLARD

What have these men done?

KURTZ

Spies - common spies - they are my
prisoners - they have broken God's
will -

WILLARD

You mean they've broken your will -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

KURTZ

I have no will but that of God.

WILLARD

These men are starving to death -
Why not shoot them?

KURTZ

The pleasure of crime is momentary -
its punishment eternal - and they do
not expect to be fed - It is not our
way that evil should fatten at the
expense of the virtuous -

WILLARD

This is barbaric - evil - I have never
seen such evil - You may as well kill
me Kurtz -

Kurtz puts his hand on Willard's shoulder.

KURTZ

Your eyes have not yet grown
accustomed to the light of the
eastern sun -

He leads him into a ruined courtyard - He points -

KURTZ

Do you see that monk over there?

CLOSE SHOT MONK

An old MAN sits looking at a wall with his eyes closed.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

KURTZ (o.s.)

He has been sitting there for three days and has not eaten or moved except his lips in prayer - Do you understand that man's mind?

MED. SHOT KURTZ WILLARD

He points off in the other direction.

KURTZ

Over there those bandits -

MED. SHOT BANDITS

A group of savage looking MEN lean against a wall seemingly asleep.

KURTZ (o.s.)

Those men have waited seven days to speak to me and have not complained. They are content following the shade from wall to wall and life is good for them. Do you understand their patience?

CLOSE SHOT KURTZ

He points to a ruined chamber with bamboo barred windows.

KURTZ

Over there - my concubine pit - where women never see the light of the day. They eat, sleep and bear children in the same room. They only leave when they go out to be buried - Yet they are content - Do you understand their lives?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

Willard just looks at him blankly -

KURTZ

It was the mistake of you and your
snivelization to think so - Be not
so sure that you can judge our laws
and our customs for ignorance is a
steep hill with perilous rocks at
the bottom.

PULL BACK.

WILLARD

You'll get away with it. Right now *there*
are helicopters loaded with the men
needed if they don't hear from me -
didn't you ever consider the conse-
quences?

KURTZ

It is a weak man who fears what will
arise out of his actions - I fear
nothing but God -

He starts ahead.

KURTZ

There is more to see.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT THE PORCUPINE KURTZ WILLARD

They stand in the center of Kurtz' domain - a huge mound
of sandbags has been erected with a slit trench around it
near the top - all along its sides bristle poisoned punji
stakes.

KURTZ

The porcupine - In the event we
are ever sieged and overrun - We
will pull back to this redoubt and
die with the enemy's blood on our
hands -

WILLARD

What if that happens - Either side
could sweep down an wipe you out
anytime -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

KURTZ

They haven't because they are too busy destroying themselves - and when they are through - we shall emerge -

WILLARD

You'll have a long wait -

Kurtz points to the walls around him -

KURTZ

Patience - it is our greatest weapon - Once the people that built these walls were great and powerful - and the east learned its science and philosophy at their feet. Their armies conquered the lands to the west and were invincible. But their minds were more agile than their fingers - Now it is your turn to teach and we are slow to learn for there is with us yet the knowledge of greater things than you ever knew. But it is dim.

He points off at a man taking water from a well.

CLOSE SHOT WELL MAN

He is filling buckets from a crude well.

KURTZ (o.s.)

Do you see that man at the well - When one bucket empties the other fills - So it is with the world - At present you are all full of power but you are spilling it slowly and wastefully and we are lapping up the drops as they spill from your bucket - Some day we shall retake what is ours but it will not be in our lifetime nor yet in that of our children's children so God has given us patience.

Several of the other Americans stride up to Kurtz - The lanky Lieutenant we saw before -

LIEUTENANT

Sire - it is time to prepare for the air-strike.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

KURTZ

What of those in the dungeons?

LIEUTENANT

They have a vice for the Indian hemp.

He laughs.

LIEUTENANT (Cont.)

They are pacified - It is my suggestion
we spare them -

KURTZ

That was my wish -

Turns to Willard.

KURTZ (Cont.)

Indeed you come at a fortunate time -
tonight is our air-strike.

WILLARD

Air strike?

KURTZ

We hold an air strike for a light
show every so often - the fools have
not denied us - Tonight is special -
we've located intruders on one of
our trails.

WILLARD

Who?

KURTZ

What does it matter - we'll collect
their weapons tomorrow.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT HILL KURTZ WILLARD OTHERS NIGHT

Kurtz's men file past in foreground and sit down overlooking
a densely jungled valley that is seen in the moonlight.
Kurtz and Willard sit in foreground. They are absolutely
silent save the sound of jungle animals.

KURTZ

(soft)

Sargeant - tell them to begin -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

The sergeant speaks into his R.T. - Another long-haired killer with a helmet leans over to Willard.

KILLER

I dig this whole thing on speed -
I'm a napalm freak -

He turns back nervously and stares into the night mumbling. A large water-pipe is passed around with the finest hash. Kurtz leans over to Willard.

KURTZ

(soft)

There is one example in all of
western philosophy that I remember -
One way that was right -

WILLARD

-- What was it?

KURTZ

Terzan - the man of the forest -
strong and part of his surrounding.

One of the men chants the word napalm softly. Willard is too amazed to look. A sergeant scurries over to Kurtz.

SERGEANT

I hear 'em -

They all listen - sure enough there is the sound of jets. Then a shriek as one whines over low unseen - suddenly an orange ball of fire on the jungle floor below. The men tense up - another jet - tremendous flash and bright pink explosion. The men stir and talk to themselves - out of their minds - the show continues - Kurtz watches impassively. Bombs, rockets and napalm rip into the jungle below creating myriad bright balls of color and a hell of a lot of noise.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT JUNGLE TRAIL

NIGHT

Kurtz and his men move silently through a tangled trail. Suddenly they come to a Montagnard who has been waiting for them. He speaks hurriedly to Kurtz - Kurtz relays the message to his other Montagnards. The Lieutenant steps forward.

LIEUTENANT

Did he see any signs of struggle?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

KURTZ

We will find out ourselves - follow me -

They push forward into a clearing where a small village of huts are built. The men fan out and methodically search the huts. Kurtz seems somewhat disturbed - the village is empty.

WILLARD

What is it?

KURTZ

This was the village where our old people lived - those who were once warriors.

One of the Montagnards checks the ground for prints. Kurtz and Willard go over and look - Willard looks closely. Kurtz knows what he'll find.

WILLARD

Sandals - Ho Chi Minh sandals -

KURTZ

While the lion slept - the jackals were feasting.

Kurtz snaps out some orders to his Montagnards - they file into line.

KURTZ

(to Lieutenant)

We'll go back by the beach.

MED. SHOT GATE KURTZ OTHERS

Kurtz and his patrol walk out of the darkness up to the torchlit positions around the gate - men salute and bow but there is a general feeling of uneasiness - all eyes stare out into the darkness beyond the perimeter wire. A sergeant stands at the gate with two other wild looking Americans.

KURTZ

Did Y-blue come back yet?

SERGEANT

No - nor the M-Hongs - there was a brief fight - we heard it.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

Kurtz looks out at the jungle - Everyone knows what is there.

KURTZ

I'm going to check the perimeter.

The sergeant nods - hand tense on his M-60. Kurtz turns and strides out into the no-man's land of barbed wire and punji stakes - he knows where to step.

MED. SHOT KURTZ DIFFERENT ANGLE

He comes up to the last barrier of concertina wire - on it is planted a yellow drum of napalm. He flicks something on the drum. Then he stares out into the darkness seemingly seeing into it and taking count and finally he turns his back on it majestically and strides back to the gate - track with him. Men scurry back within the walls - there are hushed whispers - a few audible cries - they all look at Kurtz. His face is calm - his demeanor perfect.

KURTZ

Put out those torches - throw up
the barricades - arm the claymores
and make peace with God.

He strides past - men run everywhere preparing for what is to come. There is almost a sense of relief on their savage faces.

MONTAGE PREPARING FOR BATTLE

Guns are taken from underground storage areas. Bolts are drawn back - clips and belts inserted. Mortars are set up - flame throwers are positioned - Claymore mines are set and armed - Men rush down the walls and take positions - women shoulder rifles - children carry ammunition. Bayonets are fixed. All manner of drugs are distributed - water pipes with hash-hish - Americans eating grass - injecting speed - sniffing cocaine. TRACK along the walls as the men, Americans and Montagnards stare over their guns into the darkness - nervous and excited - the lust for blood aroused.

MED. SHOT COMMAND BUNKER KURTZ WILLARD

Kurtz watches the activity around him as 200 Montagnard and 15 Americans prepare to do battle with an entire army.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

WILLARD

Where are my men?

KURTZ

Colby!

Colby comes up from the bunker.

KURTZ

Bring the prisoners.

Colby goes back and soon - Chief, Clean, Lance and Chef are led from around the bunker - They are dirty but unharmed.

CHIEF

What's goin on Captain?

KURTZ

War - war like you've never known.

WILLARD

You all right?

CHIEF

Yeah - they gave us a lot of good grass and some women.

KURTZ

Take them to the west wall and arm them.

COLBY

Arm them?

KURTZ

It matters not any longer -

He takes a rifle - looks Willard in the eyes and hands it to him. Willard takes and cocks it. Then he just stands there facing Kurtz.

KURTZ

Use it - earn your pay assassin.

Willard just stares at him - lowers the gun.

KURTZ

Of course not - we are brothers
Captain - take your men to the west
wall -

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

WILLARD

We can still get out - a few of us -
take the boat - it's night - we'd
have a chance.

KURTZ

You must be crazy.

WILLARD

Where's your R.T. - I can bring
reinforcements in immediately.

KURTZ

Whose reinforcements - Go to the
west wall - I must prepare for
battle -

(to Colby)

Captain - have the prisoners slain
and fed to the men - prepare two
squad to probe the enemy's guns -

He goes down in the bunkers - Willard and his men stand
there aghast. Colby swings an M-60 around.

COLBY

You have orders -.

Willard and his men back away.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT VIET CONG CAMP VIET CONG

In a dark jungle clearing lit by torches a pedestal has
been erected, on this is a mud model of the fort at
Nu Mung Dung. An officer is briefing his battalion that
sits in the dark. He speaks quickly in Vietnamese, trans-
lated on subtitles.

OFFICER

The final thrust of people's 45th
battalion will force the beleaguered
devils onto the exposed flank and into
the massed rifle fire of our comrades
from the north from the exalted
316th division.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT WALL KURTZ MEN

Kurtz' men gather around as he stands on top of a wall with Colby and his Lt. at his side. He wears his normal outfit but with the addition of a .45 around his waist and a flowing orange robe worn as a cape.

KURTZ

Out there are the despoiling forces
of evil. The true damned - They
have come to thrust themselves upon
our bayonets - to shatter their
heads on our bullets - to tear and
rend their bodies on our claymores -
They have come as a great wave to
water the ground with their blood -
To fertilize and moisten it so that
the buds of a new earth will flower.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT VIET CAMP PROPAGANDA OFFICER

A people's colonel from the people's office of proper revolutionary thought has taken the stand and exalts the people's 45th battalion.

PEOPLE'S COLONEL

The great proletarian masses have
risen up and will strike a blow
for freedom and revolution - A blow
that will be felt in the very heart
of the depraved bourgeois imperialists'
corrupted homeland. He will see his
exploiting war proliferators driven
into the sea and drowned by the
mighty flex of the people's muscle.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT WALL KURTZ

KURTZ

We are chosen to be the warriors
of heaven - in this the twilight
of the Gods - This - the Gotterdammerung
- This the Apocalypse - Now!

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

The men cheer wildly.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT VIET CAMP PEOPLE'S COLONEL

PEOPLE'S COLONEL

Let us strike with the will of
true revolutionary purpose -
We are but a small cog in the
great wheel of the glorious
proletarian struggle - We have
but to die a hero's death for all
deaths that contribute to ridding
the world of the pestilence of
imperialist exploitation are truly
heroic.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT KURTZ

KURTZ

The full weight of this army of
sheep is soon to be hurled upon
us. We will feed on their carcasses
when we are done and pass through
the gates of Paradise fattened.

They cheer wildly - fire guns in the air.

FULL SHOT VIET CAMP COLONEL

PEOPLE'S COLONEL

Strive forward! Drive the Yankee
Devil into the sea - We have nothing
to lose but our chains!

They shout in unison.

PEOPLE'S 45TH BATTALION

All hail the people's war -

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT KURTZ

KURTZ

I can give you nothing more - for
there is but one gift for the
brave - a weapon!

He thrusts his M-16 into the sky to the cheers of his
legions.

CLOSE SHOT MORTAR

A hand drops a shell in - it fires.

CLOSE SHOT ROCKET LAUNCHER

It fires.

CLOSE SHOT NORTH VIETNAMESE ARTILLERY

They fire.

FULL SHOT COMMAND BUNKER KURTZ OTHERS

Shells whistle in and explode on the walls and in the
compound. The men eagerly await the traditional human
wave attack. Everywhere metal and rock flies. Kurtz
strides up to his command position.

KURTZ

Have the loudspeakers been prepared?

COLEY

We have dual tapes underground -
If one is hit the other will
continue to play -

KURTZ

Excellent - what is your final
estimation of their strength?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

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COLBY

Perhaps a regiment - enough
for seconds.

MED. SHOT WEST WALL WILLARD OTHERS

Willard and his men have taken a position on the west
wall. Shells and rockets stream overhead.

CHIEF

Why doesn't he call for flares?

WILLARD

He's waiting for them to mass.

Chef pulls wildly on a water pipe.

CHEF

Oh Jesus - I don't wanta die -

Clean prepares himself a position, meticulously stacking
up clips and fixing his bayonet.

CLEAN

This boy's gonna take some with
him.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT COMMAND BUNKER KURTZ OTHERS

Kurtz looks through his infra-red sniper scope.

INSERT SHOT SCOPE MEN

Through the scope we see great masses of N.V.A. soldiers
approaching the outer perimeter.

FULL SHOT KURTZ

KURTZ

Mini-Gun.

COLBY

Sergeant - Mini-Gun.

MED. SHOT MINI-GUN

A sergeant in a feathered headpiece and wildly painted, operates the mini gun with several native helpers. Shells burst around them. When they fire the SOUND is incredibly loud and steady like a high-pitched fog horn. A solid stream of molten lead seems to pour into the darkness as 7000 rounds a minute rip into the enemy. After a half-circle sweep the sergeant stops - we hear the hideous moans of hundreds of shredded and maimed men rise like a chorus. The sergeant giggles hysterically and resumes firing. He laughs maniacally as the gun resumes firing right up to the moment he is blown to eternity by a 105 mm shell.

FULL SHOT KURTZ

Kurtz listens to the screams from the enemy - he smiles.

KURTZ

Napalm.

Colby pushes a plunger.

FULL SHOT VIETS

Viets advancing are illuminated by the napalm drums as they go off and fry their comrades.

MED. SHOT KURTZ

KURTZ

Claymores.

The SOUND of tremendous howling explosions is heard one right after another - Kurtz' face is illuminated by each of these. The scream of maimed and dismembered men is almost as loud as the blast - and beginning to resound is the SOUND of Kurtz' own men - laughing and screaming in delight - Kurtz looks out on the field of slaughter.

KURTZ

(to himself)

You are fools. You have loosed the dogs of war and by fighting us you will destroy your own beginning. We are the seed from which you sprang - and when we are gone you will have never been.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT VIETS

The N.V.A. charge through wire and claymore blasts - burn in the pools of napalm but press relentlessly on - Shells BURST overhead. They chant as they advance.

N.V.A.

Hail the people's army.
Glorious people's war.

Many of the people are being killed - They also yell swearwords and various cat-calls in Vietnamese and English such as -

N.V.A.

Die imperialist war monger -
you fuck G.I. - die -
Death to Green Beret -
John Wayne eat shit -

The Americans on the wall yell back:

AMERICANS

Come on get it Charlie - Eat
my bayonet slope-eyed bastards -
Found Mao's thought up your ass.-
Die motherfucker -

The Viets have reached the wall and throw down scaling ladders and start up. Suddenly, the sky is bright with flares which produce a wierd psychedelic light and blared out at tremendous volume over and above the din of battle are the Doors singing "Light My Fire."

FULL SHOT WALL EVERYBODY

The Americans and Montagnards stand up screaming - obviously this is their battle song - they charge up - M-16's in both hands - blasting - kicking - bayonetting - gouging eyes - slitting throats - biting necks, both sides collide.

MED. SHOT LIEUTENANT

The Lieutenant stands on the wall blasting as bodies fall around him - he thrusts his bayonet into a V.C. - removes him with his foot and stabs another - from him he takes his AK-47 and blasts more as they come.

MED. SHOT CLEAN

The V.C. rush his position - Willard trips a Claymore that blasts most of them to shreds - more fill in - Clean opens up full automatic - Willard and Chef move down to the next wall firing - bodies tumbling over. Clean throws a grenade then his gun jams. He can't believe it - he tries frantically to clear the bolt.

CLEAN

(screaming)

It's jammed - Oh God, it's jammed.

They rush him - Lance intercedes firing from the hip with an M-16 in one hand and an AK-47 in the other - Lance kills many but cannot stop a massed bayonet charge that impales Clean. Before he dies he strangles one of his assailants. Lance is caught in a cross-fire and hit several times. He pulls himself up - fires a final burst then falls under the enemies' feet.

MED. SHOT WILLARD CHEF WALL

Willard and Chef run back through the compound with retreating Montagnards - Everywhere shells explode - men fall - Viets break through over the falls and charge - they crouch and rip into them full automatic - they break the charge and continue cutting their way through the communist masses like a torch through metal.

FULL SHOT COMMAND POST KURTZ

Kurtz watches as the invaders swarm through his domain. Women and children rush upon them now - kill many and die. Kurtz flicks some switches - the whole north wall explodes in flame - the gates are uprooted - the stone lions tumble crushing men below - Kurtz cocks an M-16 and walks off the bunker -

MED. SHOT KURTZ DIFFERENT ANGLE

As he rounds a shattered wall Kurtz sees a group of Viets rush up and prepare a machine gun mount. They don't see him. He braces the gun at his side and steps out.

KURTZ

(yells)

Charles!

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

The Viets turn only to eat his lead - They stagger and fall shattered and bleeding save one who has merely lost his weapon. Kurtz looks at him - his gun is empty - he drops it and flicks open the flap on his holster. The Viet soldier goes for his pistol. Kurtz beats him to the draw and blows him into the night. He strides over and picks up the M.V.A. light machine gun - holding at his hip he stands atop one of the ruined walls and fires into the crowd. His native men see him and rush up for the chance to die at his side. They are quickly encircled by the crushing Viets and are being over-run. The machine gun jams and Kurtz grabs a rifle - when it is empty and the bayonet broken off he wields it as a club.

MED. SHOT KURTZ LOW ANGLE

Taking huge swings with his rifle stands atop the wall and batters the Viets like Davy Crockett at the Alamo - He disappears in the smoke from an explosion.

MED. SHOT COLBY

Colby and several Montagnards retreat from the command bunker - killing many as they go - Willard, Chef and others give them covering fire.

COLBY

To the Porcupine -

FULL SHOT PORCUPINE COLBY WILLARD ARMIES

They rush up the sides of the redoubts embankment - Track with them - they leap in the protective trenches which are lined with loaded and cocked M-16's - every ten feet is an M-60 and every twenty a flame thrower. The Montagnards are quick to activate these - throwing hot lead and burning oil onto the pursuing people's remnants.

MED. SHOT WILLARD CHEF

Willard leans out and FIRES full automatic - bodies fall past in f.g. - shells explode around him. When the gun is empty he ducks back and grabs another as Chef stands up firing his until empty. They work this way keeping up a steady stream of automatic fire as we pull in on them - finally in front of them as Willard raises and fires a full clip at us - his eyes wide with fear and savagery. An explosion obscures all.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

FULL SHOT SKY

Vultures by the hundreds circle overhead - tilt down to reveal Willard - he sits on the edge of his trench - Chef and Chief by his side. Colby, a sergeant and some Montagnards sit near them. Everywhere there is smoke and heaps of bodies. Their eyes are red and glazed - their jaws hang slack and they tremble occasionally.

CHEF

They just quit - I know we didn't kill all of 'em -

CHIEF

Maybe they had enough - even Charlie gets enough -

COLBY

We won -

Everybody kind of looks at him - he walks off down the trench mumbling to himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT BATTLE FIELD WILLARD OTHERS

They stagger about the field of slaughter like zombies. Suddenly Willard sees something. He goes over and kicks several bodies away in f.g. - below them is Lance - dead.

WILLARD

Chief -

Chief is sitting on a pile of corpses.

WILLARD

Chief - come here -

CHIEF

I can't - too tired -

Colby stumbles over with Chef - Willard holds Lance up by his hair.

COLBY

Who was he?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

WILLARD

(slurred)

He was the tragedy - the
tragedy of this war -

CHEF

Listen -

They listen - there is the SOUND of rotors in the distance -
they wait craning their eyes at the sky.

COLBY

There -

He points.

FULL SHOT SKY

Over the jungled mountains a large formation of helicopters
swoop towards them - the SOUND growing increasingly loud.

CHEF

How'd they know?

WILLARD

They must've seen the fire -

The helicopters are closer now but high up - two of them
break off and spiral in towards us -

. CHIEF

They're coming to take us away -

CLOSE SHOT WILLARD

He stares up in the sky.

WILLARD

(to himself)

They're coming to take us back -

Suddenly his eyes seem to perceive a deep mystical logic.
The copter is directly overhead.

WILLARD

Yeah.

He raises his M-16 and FIRES the entire clip at it.

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FULL SHOT COPTER

It frantically pours on the power and wheels up into the sky.

FULL SHOT WILLARD OTHERS

WILLARD

Yeah.

He grabs around for another weapon laughing maniacally - the others are laughing too, they raise their guns and FIRE -

FREEZE FRAME

THE END